



No. 111.—Vol. IX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS JEANNE DOUSTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

TO THE "UNCO GUID."

Having failed to turn London into the New Jerusalem, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and his friends are full of bitterness and lamentation. The letter which Mr. Hughes addressed to the *Daily Chronicle* on the Progressive disaster is a good specimen of the turgid rhetoric which in some pulpits does duty for common sense. This advocate of "civic righteousness" accuses the working-men of London of "stupid and criminal ingratitude." He says that the "natural man"—that is to say, the average elector—"cares neither for Truth, nor for Beauty, nor for Goodness," but "grovels before money, revels in sensual pleasures, and is stupidly indifferent to his own highest interests." He is, in a word, sunk in original sin, or, as the Rev. Fleming Williams, another trumpet of piety, may prefer to put it, in "black atheism" and "foul iniquity." We do not wonder that sensible Progressives are disturbed by this professional fustian, which has nothing to do with the rational government of London. It exhibits just that spirit of fanaticism the dislike and dread of which have done so much to cripple the Progressives in the recent election. The "natural man" will not tolerate the pretension that his municipal affairs must be regulated by a Puritanism which sets up an impossible standard of virtue, and bullies him for not conforming to it. The wild eloquence of the Unco Guid and the meteoric performances of Mrs. Ormiston Chant have caused the inevitable reaction.

When Mrs. Chant was exulting over her precarious victory, we took leave to suggest that her peculiar notions of righteousness—the idea, for example, that the women who frequented the Empire promenade ought to be driven into the street, to be made cold and miserable in order that they might be brought to the proper frame of mind for receiving spiritual ministrations—shocked the average sense of humanity. Possibly this is unintelligible to the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes; but it is a very active sentiment among people who, without professing a desire to regenerate the universe, have some knowledge of the world and some sense of proportion. There are excellent men in the Progressive party who have a just appreciation of civic needs; but they have to suffer for the untamed zeal of well-meaning and irresponsible persons who claim the exclusive sanction of religion, and hurl damnation at all opponents. When the Londoner "revels in sensual pleasures," this means that he does not amuse himself according to the lights of Mr. Hughes. Theatres and music-halls are inconsistent with what that teacher believes to be the godly life. The Theatres Committee of the late County Council were unfortunate enough to create the impression that they regarded the playhouse as a social evil *per se*—an impression which was strengthened by the harassing policy they pursued towards theatrical managers in the fulness of public spirit and inexperience. It is very easy to say that the Progressives had to combat a combination of unholy interests; but they had worse enemies in the crusaders who preached the New Jerusalem as the ideal of the ratepayers, and who seemed to hold that Exeter Hall was the only righteous fountain of popular recreation.

Even now Mr. Hughes threatens us with a new propaganda. He bids his Nonconformist brethren to "gird up their loins" and "form in every constituency a Nonconformist Council, to be a nucleus around which good citizens, without distinction of sect, sex, class, or political creed, may gather to educate and inspire the municipal conscience." We are afraid that the "natural man" will not be attracted to these centres of enlightenment. The letter of Mr. Hughes in the *Daily Chronicle* was printed side by side with a long and enthusiastic account of "Gentleman Joe." Is there no lesson in the unconscious irony of this juxtaposition? The zest of the "natural man" for the pleasures which Mr. Hughes despises will be enhanced by the righteous exaggerations which are thundered in his ear. If Mr. Hughes were wise in his generation, he would postpone this girding up of loins; he would efface his exuberant personality for a while, and allow his municipal associates, who must have a fit every time they see his name at a bottom of a column, to recover some of their lost ground by the methods which appeal to the practical citizen. To drum at that citizen's head with the assertion that he cares nothing for Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, and to establish little coteries for proclaiming these qualities at tea-meetings, followed by a collection, can only have the effect of intensifying popular irritation. Of course, the excellent Mr. Hughes will not dream of taking our advice, though we are pleased to note that the *Daily Chronicle* has dropped the mantle of Jeremiah and resumed the matter-of-fact garb of Fleet Street. Prosaic observers are aware that it is no use weeping and declaiming when human nature declines to be preached into virtuous impossibilities. Civic life in London will be improved by the humdrum labour of politicians who understand that the "natural man" is not to be driven, and that the Unco Guid are the greatest stumbling-blocks of social reform.

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THE SUPPLEMENT FOR MARCH 11:

PICTURES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

FOR MARCH 18:

LEADING ACTORS

OF THE

ENGLISH STAGE.

MRS. EDWARD KENNARD writes on SPORT,

MRS. MEYNELL writes on CHILD-LIFE,

MR. A. B. WALKLEY writes on STAGE-LAND,

MR. C. J. CORNISH writes on ANIMAL LIFE,

MR. L. F. AUSTIN writes on BOOK-LAND,

MR. MAX PEMBERTON writes on GAMES.

A COMPLETE STORY IN EACH NUMBER

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, LIMITED,
198, STRAND, W.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.

Chief Office: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Summary of the Report presented at the Forty-sixth Annual Meeting held on March 7, 1895.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the year was 61,744, assuring the sum of £6,282,120, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £339,957.

The Premiums received during the year were £2,077,956, being an increase of £223,586 over the year 1893.

The Claims of the year amounted to £518,131. The number of Deaths was 3584, and 198 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 375,545.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year were £4,244,224, being an increase of £272,360.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,548,377. The number of Deaths was 168,689, and 1304 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those Policy-holders of five years' standing, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 66,478, the number in force being 398,078. The number of Free Policies which became Claims during the year was 6672.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 11,176,661: their average duration is nearly seven and a half years.

The Assets of the Company in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are £21,213,805, being an increase of £2,674,940 over those of 1893. A supplement showing in detail the various investments is published with this report.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD., ON DEC. 31, 1894.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
Shareholders' Capital		700,000	0	0
Ordinary Branch Funds		9,499,379	12	0
Industrial Branch Fund		10,975,244	16	9
Claims under Life Policies admitted		39,180	10	6
		£21,213,804	19	3

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
British Government Securities (Consols)		2,208,377	11	9
Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stock		2,067,606	18	1
Loans, County Council, Municipal and other Rates		5,500,322	4	9
Freehold Ground Rents and Scotch Feu Duties		2,482,077	18	9
Mortgages		2,485,044	19	11
Metropolitan Consolidated Stock, and City of London Bonds		349,245	13	0
Bank of England Stock		167,337	0	1
Freehold and Leasehold Property		1,196,248	6	4
Indian and Colonial Government Securities		1,811,899	15	8
Reversions		194,349	10	3
Railway and other Shares		1,436,831	8	11
Loans on the Company's Policies		314,981	9	3
Rent Charges		100,357	5	10
Outstanding Premiums		390,888	0	6
Cash in hands of Superintendents, and Agents' Balances		50,307	12	10
Outstanding Interest and Rents		187,862	3	0
Cash—On current accounts, and in hand		270,067	0	4
		£21,213,804	19	3

EDGAR HORNE, *Chairman.*
 HENRY HARBEN } *Directors.*
 PERCY T. REID }
 THOS. C. DEWEY } *Managers.*
 WILLIAM HUGHES }
 W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

We have examined the Cash transactions, Receipts and Payments, affecting the accounts of the Assets and Investments for the year ended Dec. 31, 1894, and we find the same in good order, and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and Securities, Certificates, &c., representing the Assets and Investments set out in the above account, and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on Dec. 31, 1894.

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 and 5s., at the doors or in advance at all Box-Offices or Olympia. Children half-price to Morning
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 recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

March 13, 1895.

Signature.....

THE ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN CRICKET MATCH.

Now that Mr. Stoddart's team has won three out of the five test-matches between England and Australia, I suppose we shall hear no more of the inane—I had almost said insane—chatter about the non-representative character of Mr. Stoddart's eleven. The visiting team, either in England or Australia, must necessarily be limited to the men who can be induced to travel either for love or for money, or both. When the Australians are in this country we never hear anyone put forward a plea, on their behalf, that they are non-representative—or, indeed, that they are handicapped in any way. On the other hand, if Australia does happen to beat England in the Old Country, it is not uncommon to hear would-be critics talk of the advantage possessed by a team always playing together. If

their quality up to the hilt. Richardson's six wickets for 104 runs in the second innings is a performance which has probably never been beaten. It has long been common talk that a really fast bowler will always be expensive on hard Australian wickets, and, while this statement may be generally conceded, an exception must be made in favour of the Surrey lightning bowler. I doubt whether England—and by that one implies the whole world—has ever produced a fast bowler equal to Richardson on all sorts of wickets. The merit of Peel's trundling during the tour has been its remarkable consistency. He has never done anything phenomenal, but he has never failed to come off. Briggs has met with intermittent success, but Lockwood has been something approaching a failure. Mr. Stoddart's team has only one more big task to perform before it returns home. Early in the tour it met with an unexpected defeat at the hands of South Australia. The Englishmen have still to play their



Photo by E. W. Thomas, Clonside.

MR. A. E. STODDART, CAPTAIN OF ENGLISH TEAM.



Photo by Bradshaw, Newgate Street.

MR. GEORGE GIFFEN, CAPTAIN OF AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

this be an advantage, Mr. Stoddart's eleven can claim it, for, with only thirteen players all told, the English captain had virtually no choice.

England has come out of these representative matches as well as the most sanguine could expect. In the first match, which Mr. Stoddart's team won by ten runs, luck, no doubt, at the eleventh hour, slightly favoured the Englishmen. In the second match, which we again won, by ninety-four runs, the fortunes of war were rather against us than with us. The third and fourth matches, which Australia won—in each case, by an overwhelming majority of runs—saw luck unmistakably on the side of our friends the enemy; but in the last match of all, it can hardly be said that fortune favoured either side to any appreciable extent, although the Australians won the toss and played before a sympathetic crowd.

All things considered, it is quite evident that our kith-and-kin beyond the sea are not yet quite equal to the representatives of the Old Country. In fielding alone the Australians have nothing to learn from us, and in batting the Colonials have in George Giffen a master of the art. Gregory, Graham, and the brothers Trott, together with Iredale and Darling, are almost, if not quite, equal to our best English batsmen. They perhaps, however, lack the style and finish of artists like Messrs. Stoddart, McLaren, Ward, and Brown, whose success throughout the tour has been consistent and brilliant.

Perhaps it is in bowling that England's chief superiority lies. Although Albert Trott was immensely successful with the ball in his first two matches, it should be remembered that he had a bowlers' wicket to perform on. On the third occasion, with the wicket in perfect condition, the younger Trott was an absolute failure, and the only man on his side who met with success was his elder brother, who has never been regarded as a great bowler. On the same wicket the English trundlers proved

return with the Colony, and everyone will, of course, expect our men to avenge their first defeat. The following figures in the test-matches will speak for themselves—

BATTING AVERAGES.—TEST-MATCHES.

	ENGLISHMEN.					Total Runs.	Most in an Inns.	Average.
	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out.						
Brown	10	2	373	140	46.82			
Ward	10	0	419	117	41.90			
Stoddart, A. E.	10	1	352	173	39.11			
MacLaren, A. E.	10	1	240	120	26.66			
Briggs	9	0	177	57	19.66			
Ford, F. G. J.	9	0	168	48	18.66			
Peel	10	1	168	73	18.66			
Lockwood	7	2	89	33*	17.80			
Brockwell	10	0	171	49	17.10			
Philipson, H.	7	1	62	30	10.33			
Richardson	9	2	58	12*	8.28			
	AUSTRALIANS.					Total Runs.	Most in an Inns.	Average.
	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out.						
Trott, A. E.	5	3	205	85*	102.50			
Giffen, G.	9	0	475	161	52.77			
Graham, H.	3	0	121	105	40.33			
Gregory, S. C.	9	0	362	201	40.22			
Iredale, F. A.	9	0	337	140	37.44			
Trott, G. H. S.	9	0	264	95	29.33			
Darling, J.	9	0	258	74	28.66			
Bruce, W.	7	0	197	80	28.14			
Jarvis, A. H.	7	2	110	34*	22.00			
Lyons, J. J.	6	0	112	55	18.66			
Turner, C. T. B.	5	2	52	26*	17.33			

* Not out.

A. G.

HOW TO CHEAT THE INFLUENZA.

A CHAT WITH MR. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

"Come down and have an evening's skating," said a friend to me.

"Nonsense; there's no ice left, except at Niagara, the fishmongers', and in the water-mains."

However, I went. He took me to Sydenham Hill. From the station we went along a private path, lighted by electricity, till we came to a lake with an island in the centre, electric lamps all round, and several young men skating on capital ice.

After an hour's skating and testing the strength of the ice by sitting down heavily upon it when it was not expecting me, I decided to accept an invitation to come up to the house and have some refreshment. We were soon in sight of a splendid stone-built mansion.

"Who is the owner?" said I to my friend.

"Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, my friend and benefactor. Why benefactor? Well, last year I had an attack of influenza. I was dosed and drugged, but it nearly killed me, and left me unfit for work for weeks. This year I got it again; but I had a new doctor, and he simply said: 'Don't take drugs or drinks; take Bovril.' I followed his advice, and got over the attack in no time."

"Well, but——"

"But, you see, Mr. Johnston is the inventor of the process of making Bovril."

We were shown into a magnificent oak-panelled hall in old baronial style, to which some splendid suits of armour gave character. Sitting on one of the settle-seats by the "ingle-nook" fireplace was a vigorous-looking man, with a head like that of Stanley the explorer; opposite, his charming wife, and by him a pretty daughter. After an introduction and some excellent "Scotch," I got to the subject of influenza.

"It's a grand malady!" said he, with a smile, "grand!"

"Why is that?" I asked.

"It always troubles or quadruples our business, but this time it is testing the capacity of our output to its utmost limit. Notwithstanding our largely increased staff, we are working night and day; and, although we are mostly Scotsmen (and Scotsmen have the reputation of keeping the Sabbath and everything else they can lay their hands on), our men are working on Sunday—a work of mercy, of course. Ninety-five physicians out of a hundred are prescribing Bovril, and have discontinued drugs."

"Have you discovered anything new about influenza? What is your theory for its prevention or cure?"

"Well, so far as we yet know, influenza is a mysterious freak of Nature, and, despite all our elaborate scientific research, we are yet unable thoroughly to trace the cause or to suggest an infallible preventive or cure. It is intensely contagious, and, as a rule, the symptoms begin to show themselves twenty-four hours after infection. Of course, like all other infectious diseases, it will develop only under favourable conditions, and our theory is to make the conditions as unfavourable as possible."

"And how are these conditions to be made unfavourable?"

"By avoiding everything that has a depressing influence, such as late hours, overwork, or worry, indiscretion in diet, exposure, damp feet, crowded assemblies, and impure atmosphere. Shakspeare's line, 'Throw physic to the dogs,' gets well in here; but if you have much regard for the dogs, don't do that either. You can, with drugs, reduce the temperature, but at the same time you reduce *vital resistance*. The grand secret is to increase this *vital resistance*, and increase it by natural means."

"I thought all restoratives were regarded as artificial?"

"Yes, they are, so far as drugs go; but the best restorative for a hungry and healthy man is a good beefsteak, and that is natural enough. The vitality of the ox is maintained by the metamorphosis of the force-food and albuminoids, that are constantly being transposed into blood and muscle, these, in turn, being consumed by vital action; and it stands to reason, that, when the normal supply of natural stimulus and albuminoids is deficient, the right thing is to supplement the supply in

the most natural manner possible; that is to say, to assist Nature, not to force it, and to furnish the essential stimulant and nutrient in a direct and easily adaptable form. This is the theory and the secret of the success of Bovril, which enormously increases the *vital resistance*. It is an antidote to depression and to the physical condition which induces colds and irregularities. And to this extent it may be regarded as a powerful preventive; but, when the symptoms of influenza have presented themselves, the utmost care is essential in order to prevent the development of bronchitis and pneumonia, which are so apt to supervene. Good nursing and nourishment are required."

"Well," I said, "but why won't the other meat-extracts do?"

"Because they are extracts, and leave the meat behind. The lean of beef contains 80 per cent. of water. Yes, the butcher supplies almost as much as the water companies. Of course, the water holds in suspension a number of ingredients that give flavour to the meat. Now, it is easy to make an extract of beef that will practically be the water and ingredients held in suspension in a largely increased proportion; but it will not contain the albumen and fibrin—which are the nourishing qualities, and which we need in order to replace the constant waste

that goes on within us. Now, beef-extracts do not contain such replacing-matter. To use Liebig's own words: 'In preparing extract of meat, the albuminous or nutritious principles remain in the residue, and this,' he says, 'is certainly a great disadvantage.'"

"But why not take beefsteaks, then, if you've influenza?"

"Because, as soon as a man's ill, his digestion gets sluggish. You see, the actual nourishment in meat is like gold in quartz. When you're ill, your machinery gets out of order—can't extract the gold—and it gets clogged and poisoned by the quartz. Now we just give you the gold without the quartz. It's curious how, looking on food as gold, animals vary in their powers of extracting it. Some can live on 'low grade' ores; others can't. The ox and the tiger want to get at the same thing—albumen and fibrin. The ox, with several stomachs and forty yards of intestine, can get it out of such poor stuff as grass; the tiger, with one stomach and a few feet of intestine, can't get 'paying gold' out of such 'lean' ore."

"So the tiger gets the ox to store up in itself the albumen and fibrin it gets from the grass, and then eats up the ox—the store-house."

"Yes, and we're on the side of the tigers; but remember that even the beef is low grade compared with Bovril. For instance, compare the pemmican, and the emergency food we supplied to the Jackson and Nansen Arctic expeditions, with a sirloin of good beef. The beef has 70 per cent. of water, bone, &c., the Bovril food only 0.82; the beef 15 per cent. of protein—that is, of nitrogenous principles or flesh-formers,

the Bovril 45; the beef 14.3 of true fat (heat-giver), the Bovril food 52."

"I see, then, that, because the stomach is out of order, you do a great part of its work for it."

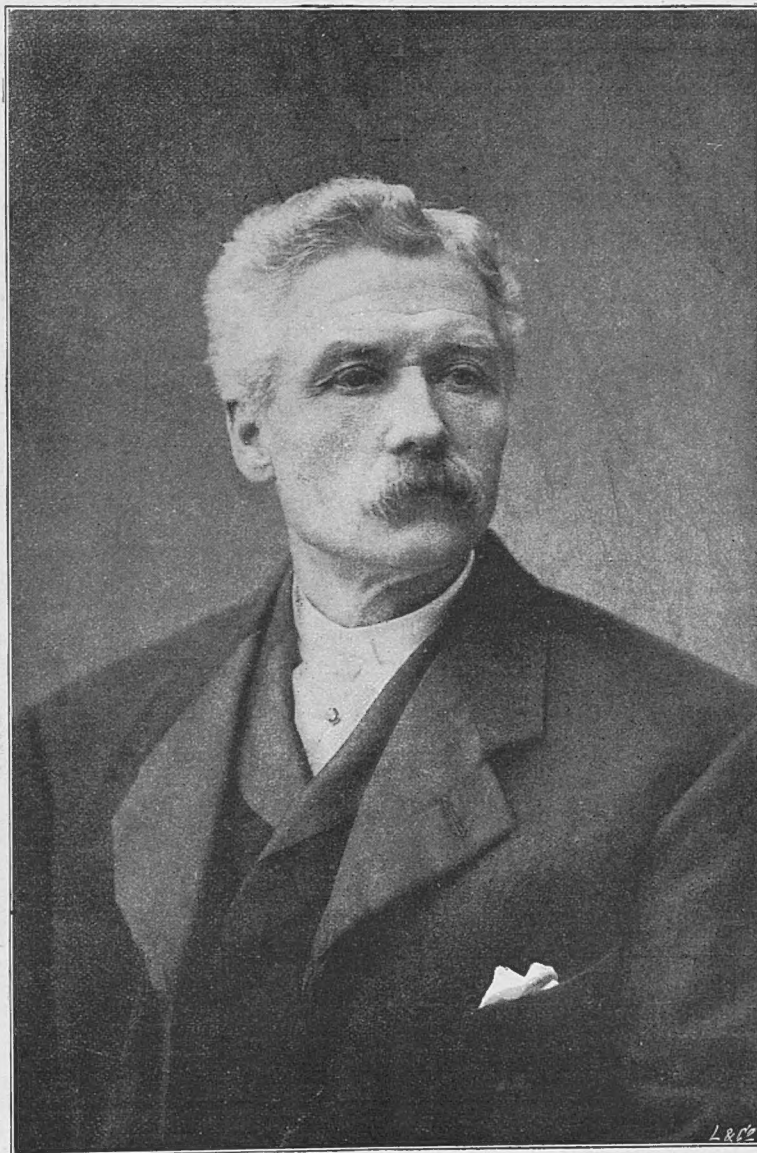
"Yes, but we do not use peptones or any artificial digesters. We have tried that, but the flavour is unpleasant. You've no idea what a wonderful machine the stomach of a healthy man is. I have seen a Gaucho—the cowboy of the River Plate—eat ten pounds of beef in a day without even bread to help it down, and he seemed to think nothing of it."

"Of course, you know those lands well?"

"Oh, yes! I've got an estancia of forty-eight square miles out there. It is from South America chiefly that we get Bovril. You see, in Argentina they've one hundred and fifty-three millions of cattle and sheep and only four million inhabitants. Consequently, we buy beef at a halfpenny a pound. Of course, although we actually blend Bovril in London, the constituents are manufactured out there. We make the finest meat-extract by the most approved processes—that's one-half of the business; but, if we stopped there, we should merely make a splendid stimulant that would give you a prodigious appetite and do little towards satisfying it."

"But it has always been thought that extract of meat and beef-tea——?"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Johnston sharply. "Well, as a



MR. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

scientific experiment, I've known of a dog starve to death though it had as much meat-extract as it would take. That dog's a type of millions of sick people who have been and are being starved to death on beef-tea, meat-essence, meat-extract and calves'-feet jelly. That these are nutritious is a popular fallacy of the past, as any up-to-date physician will tell you."

"Then what do you do?"

"Well, just this. We take the lean of selected meat, remove all water, fat, gelatine, &c., so that we have pure fibrin and albumen left. Then, by our special processes, we pulverise and desiccate and reduce it to a fine state of subdivision. This is then true vital food made easy of digestion—24-carat gold, so to speak—in a fine powder. It is thus blended with the meat-extract, and there you have the quintessence of beef."

"It sounds easy?"

"Does it? It represents many years of careful, costly experiments, and is an elaboration and perfection of 'Johnston's Fluid Beef.' Many of our experiments have been made at the suggestion of the Right Hon. Lord Playfair, K.C.B., F.R.S., LL.D., the chairman of our company, and the pupil and constant friend of the great Liebig. I don't think I need

awful sufferings the soldiers had on the food question. As a matter of fact, meat-extract was tried during the war, and was a failure. The soldiers could not fight or march on it. The Arctic expeditions of Jackson-Harmsworth and Nansen, which we have supplied with special foods, show that we accomplish the *multum in parvo*. Wellman's expedition was also worked on Bovril."

"Then, soldiers will gain enormously in mobility?"

"Well, if without trouble a man can carry in his pack twenty days' rations, weighing only 10 lb., it will make a prodigious difference; and, according to careful and exact calculations, on 8 oz. of our prepared food a man can do a hard day's marching and fighting. I went over, last year, to Roumania, at the request of the Government, for the installation of a factory of military prepared provisions, as they are anxious to have their commissariat in the most perfect state possible."

"I'd like to know just a little about your own history, Mr. Johnston."

"Well, I am a Scotsman. No men love or leave their country more than Scotsmen, and I have seen a good deal of the world. As a lad, I turned my thoughts to the question of dietetics and the chemistry of food. I told you that I went to Canada in connection with the French



BEEF FOR BOVRIL.

say much about the value of the opinion of a man famous as a dietetic scientist the world over. There isn't a stage in the whole process that doesn't represent a vast amount of thought and experiment."

"I suppose, then, you have valuable patents?"

"Well, we have some; but I don't believe in patents. It seems bad business to give the public a valuable secret in return for the privilege of fourteen years' litigation. We chiefly rely on our secrets, obtained by constant experiment, and by lifelong study; and we've our good name, and we've a splendid organisation. Yes, a good name is a great thing, and 'he who filches from me my good name' must prepare for war. We got a verdict against a man in Glasgow of a thousand pounds for suggesting that we use horseflesh. Horseflesh! where should we get it from? We use hundreds of cattle a-day; where on earth could we get horseflesh in that quantity, and what should we have to pay for it? In South America—the grandest grazing-ground in the world—till lately, cattle only sold for hide and tallow, and, even now, our people buy so cheaply that, after sale of tallow and hide, the meat costs practically nothing."

"What is your good name—Bovril?"

"Oh, a compound. *Bos*, of course the Latin, and *vril*, which I borrowed from Lord Lytton's book 'The Coming Race.' It is the name of the curious force he imagined."

"It seems to me that in a question of war commissariat —"

"You've hit it. In 1872, in connection with the French Government, I was asked to go out to Canada to investigate the question of military compressed rations. No wonder the French were keen on the question. If you've read Zola's book 'La Débâcle,' you must know what

Government in 1872. I established a factory near Quebec, and employed about five hundred hands in making special provisions and 'Johnston's Fluid Beef,' which proved immensely successful. It caused a great deal of discussion, and the Canadian Government supplied the fluid beef, etc., to the troops engaged in quelling the Indian rebellion in '82. I built up big businesses in Canada and the States, and eventually sold them. I wanted to get back."

"Nostalgia?"

"Well, perhaps. The rest of my history is that of Bovril. I disliked a retired life, and so introduced Bovril here."

"I have heard that you hold the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving three lives."

"Three!" he replied with a smile. "How many thousand times three has Bovril saved?"

"But you have your reward. You're the owner of one of the most splendid houses I've been in," I remarked. "By-the-bye, do you take any interest in politics?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Johnston. "Don't talk politics. Go and play billiards."

"Well," said Mr. Johnston, "I've been invited to contest a seat. What are your views about the —?"

"Now, Mr. Sketch, no politics!—go and play billiards," interposed Mrs. Johnston. I went, and an hour later was rushing down the electric-lighted private path to catch the last train. One result of my evening's skating is that I have made up my mind that, if I catch influenza, I shall go in for Bovril; and I'm going to lay in a stock, and feed up against the attack of the "flue fiend."

SOME MEMORIES OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

In the words of a song he liked very much, John Stuart Blackie has passed away to the "Land o' the Leal." Speaking to me once of "Christopher North," whose class in Edinburgh University he attended as a boy, he described him as "a fine rambling fellow." That description, I have often thought, had a most happy aptness to Blackie himself, as two generations of Scotsmen have known him. "A fine rambling fellow!" The cream of a speech by Blackie was its asides, and half the charm of his talk lay in its "ramblingness." In fact, if Blackie had been tied down strictly and absolutely to discuss a subject from a given point of view, it is quite likely that the discussion would have been a dull business. Now, dull he never was—no, not once in his life. Rarely has there been a richer, a more picturesque personality. In these uncommon personalities there is always, of course, a note of the eccentric, as we call it. Blackie had his peculiarities—his eccentricities, if you like—but they were all so amiable, and they were all Blackie's. In dress, as in manner and thought, he was simply Blackie—just Blackie, and nobody would have had him anything else.

At one time his Edinburgh residence was in Hill Street, but it was in his later home, farther west in the city, that I met him. He delighted to spend hours and hours among his books, and, as he chatted to a visitor, he went on working among them. Now and again he would break into a stave of a song, a mere word or two, or he would whistle a couple of bars. His grey hair receded from his forehead in waves which increasing age had made thinner and thinner. The eyes were blue or grey, or something between the two, and, under them, the skin had that puckered formation which we are taught to believe means a gift for languages. How many languages, I wonder, did Blackie know? Many besides Greek and Gaelic? Altogether, his was a truly fine face, so youthful in its sparkle and hope; and its intellectual lines were emphasised, I thought, seeing Blackie in the open air, by the broad felt hat he habitually wore. His Highland plaid, wrapped round his lithe shoulders, and his stick, were also more or less parts of the man. Traditionally, he was of the Borders—the Blackies, his Blackies, were a Roxburghshire family—but he might have been descended from the first of the Highland chieftains. The Highlands of Scotland were very dear to him; still only more dear than the rest of his native country. To demonstrate what, by way of scenery and beauty, could be found at home, without going to Switzerland or anywhere else, he spent most of his holidays in the Highlands. He used to have a house at Oban, and only last year he was in the Perthshire Highlands at the same time as Mr. Gladstone. He and the G.O.M. were friends of long standing, and there were many subjects—archæology, Celtic languages, especially—in which they had a common sympathetic interest.

Blackie could hardly be called a politician in the ordinary sense of the term. Once I heard him declare that he was not an orator, and he was not that either. In politics, as in theology, his views were liberal, free, generous; but in everything he was simply John Stuart Blackie. Speaking on the traditions, the history, the nationalism of Scotland, I have known him draw tears from the eyes of half his audience. The "Londonisation of Scotland," as he called it, and the giving up of the crofts of the Highlanders to "Cockney sportsmen," he denounced vehemently. He would have done so to the faces of all the sportsmen who go north on the Twelfth of August, and not one of them but would have liked him the better after. This is hardly the time for laughter, or Blackie's *rencontre* with that arch-adventuress, Mrs. Gordon Baillie, might be retold. She had been posing, with great swagger, in Edinburgh and elsewhere, as the Heaven-sent friend of the Highland crofters. If I remember the story rightly, as it went round at the time, she one afternoon called at Blackie's house, with a fine bouquet of flowers for him, to get his blessing and encouragement in the matter of her mission for the crofters. "She would have deceived the devil himself," is the terse

judgment which Blackie is said to have passed on her, when her doings subsequently came to light. Possibly Blackie never delivered a speech in his life into which he did not introduce a eulogy of Scottish songs. Often and often, too, has he illustrated his eulogy by singing one or two songs himself, and he has even been known—dreadful man!—to sing in the pulpit on Sunday. He was "a stickit minister" for conscience' sake, and the ministerial training had enabled him to be theological without being damnatory. Here is a verse, of one of his own poems—I don't speak of its politics, if it has politics—which carries the true Celtic note, half impatient indignation, half sad resignation—

And o'er the ruined cottar's house,
Once bright with Highland cheer,
A London brewer shoots the grouse,
A lordling shoots the deer.
O waly waly woe!

Blackie's tireless efforts practically brought about the establishment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. A well-known Scotsman told me an incident about him which he had heard in connection with that

campaign. Blackie, on a visit to London, was introduced by somebody to somebody else worth £20,000 a year. "Well," said Blackie, "I want to establish the Celtic Chair, but he's an Englishman, and really I haven't the cheek to ask a subscription." And he didn't. Like Stevenson, Blackie was an advocate of the Scottish Bar, so far as all the forms and qualifications were concerned. Stevenson had one case, and, being nervous, got somebody else to say the few necessary words in it for him. There is also a tradition that Blackie had one case; but I should judge that, at any time, his natural eloquence would have been equal to it. The man who most influenced Blackie in early life was, I believe, the Chevalier Bunsen, whom he first met in Germany, and who was subsequently very well known in London. Edward Gerherd also had an influence on his early manhood, and, in later life, Sir William Hamilton, Sir James Simpson, and Dr. Guthrie were among his friends. In fact, Blackie has known all the distinguished Scotsmen of the last half-century, and during his visits to London, which, at one time, were pretty frequent, he must have met many of the notable Englishmen. So long as Carlyle lived, one of his first roads on arriving in London was, perhaps, to Cheyne Row. When Blackie was applying for the Greek Chair in Edinburgh University, Carlyle backed him up in an interesting letter, of which I happen to possess a copy. In this letter Carlyle called Blackie a "man of lively intellectual qualities, of ardent

friendly character, and of wide speculation and acquirement." He summed him up as "in all fearless, very kindly, without ill-humour, and without guile," and no epitaph on the man as a man could be better.

It is curious that though Blackie was bred and got an excellent start in life in Aberdeen, where he was made Professor of Latin at the age of twenty-one, he never liked the place. He once "thanked God" (in print) that he was not an Aberdonian, and, when he left the University for the Greek Chair at Edinburgh, he is said to have gathered a vast crowd in the street in which he lived by putting a blanket, attached to a clothes pole, out of his window. Having secured his audience, he made a speech to them, ending with the words, "Men and women of Aberdeen, I cast the dust of your city from off my feet!" The temperament of the people, "siccar" and douce as they are, was, of course, quite foreign to his own buoyancy and wild enthusiasms. And he probably did not forgive the view, expressed in some quarters, which regarded his professorial appointment as a Whig job.

John Stuart Blackie was the merriest-hearted man in this country, and his buoyancy had all this added quality, that it was contagious. His Greek breakfasts to his Edinburgh students must be remembered in most corners of the earth, by men who have forgotten every word of Greek. He would probably have told them that, however important Greek might be, it was even more important to keep their hearts brave and pure and true.



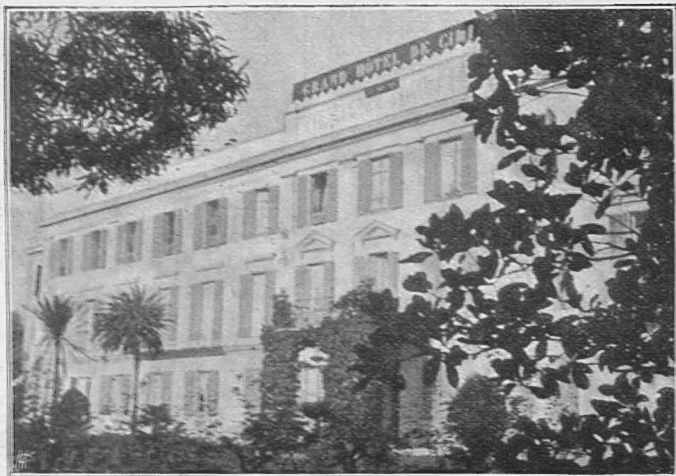
Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

SMALL TALK.

The royal train in which the Queen is to travel to Nice arrived at Cherbourg on Monday. The two saloon-carriages, which her Majesty always uses on her Continental journeys, and which are her own private property, have been thoroughly renovated and redecorated at Brussels, where they are kept at the Gare du Nord. One saloon is fitted up as a sitting-room, with writing-tables, sofas, and every possible appliance for affording comfort on a long journey; and the other is arranged as a bed-, dressing-, and bath-room, and has two small beds, one for the Queen and the other for the Princess Beatrice. A compartment for one of the Highland servants is attached to the day-carriage, and there is accommodation for two dressers in the night-saloon. The Queen will not take an equerry to Nice with her, and, during the stay of the Court at the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Colonel Bigge will have to act in that capacity. Nor will Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton have to accompany her Majesty, as the old rule, that the Master of the Household must go everywhere with the Court, is no longer enforced; and, indeed, he is now only required to be in attendance while the Queen is residing at Windsor or Osborne.

There were, again, comparatively few presentations at last week's Drawing-Room, and by no means a full attendance—owing, chiefly, to influenza—while there were not many *entrée* people, so that the function was soon over. The Queen was wheeled in a chair from her own apartments to the door of the Throne-Room, where the members of the Royal



GRAND HOTEL, CIMIEZ, WHERE THE QUEEN WILL STAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. PERCY PRESTON.



ENTRANCE TO THE HOTEL GARDEN.

Family and the Great Officers met her, and she sat in a low chair, placed in front of the throne, while the presentations were being made.

The Queen has again had under consideration the advisability of abolishing the Royal Buckhounds at the termination of the present season, but nothing definite has yet been settled. Lord Ribblesdale was appointed Master two years ago, upon the distinct understanding that his office might be abolished at any moment, so he will have no cause for complaint. The Queen never has cared about stag-hunting, and would have willingly given up the pack six years ago, when the late Lord Sydney, Lord Cross, and Lord Welby were investigating what economies could be made in the Royal Household, and, among other changes, unanimously advised the abolition of the Royal Hunt. A pleasant post like the Mastership of the Buckhounds is, however, very difficult to abolish, for it is a reward which successive Governments have to dangle before their noble followers, and in these days the number of lucrative sinecures has already become terribly restricted.

The Queen was greatly interested and pleased with the present which the Empress of China sent over for her acceptance. The Chinese Minister, accompanied by Lord Kimberley, went down to Windsor last week to make the presentation to her Majesty. The offering consisted of a long yellow satin panel, ornamented with Chinese characters elaborately worked in gold and silver bullion. It can hardly be considered useful, but it is decidedly ornamental.

The Empress Frederick spent a good deal of time shopping while staying with the Queen at Buckingham Palace last week. Although the Empress drove through the streets where "rank and fashion most do congregate," very few people recognised her, probably owing to the fact that she was not in one of the ordinary royal carriages.

The second Drawing-Room was signalled in a double sense, by those who went and those who were unable. The prevailing plague was responsible for a number of sorrowing absentees who, with frocks and favours all ready, were employed in entertaining a relentless microbe instead. Lady Susan Beresford's case was particularly disappointing, the journey from Ireland being well over when Lady Susan fell a

prey to the enemy. The new-shaped Court plume was worn by a few, and is a distinctly more becoming form of feather than that of the classics, while the now prevailing shower bouquets give another picturesque effect to the formerly somewhat stiff outlines of Court costume. Compare an early Victorian Drawing-Room, revelling in one-button gloves and crinoline, with those of this year of grace, for example.

When the Countess of Warwick was asked how she reconciled her "splendid pauperism" with the possession of a mantle valued at eight hundred pounds, she explained that this was a wedding present, and that she would never have been guilty of the wickedness of spending so much money on a single garment. Unhappily, the Countess was prevented by indisposition from attending the Drawing-Room; but it is interesting to read that, had she been present, she would have worn the richest white satin, embroidered with diamonds, and a train of geranium velvet embroidered with gold. Perhaps these were wedding presents too.

Notwithstanding the late Sir Henry Rawlinson's most distinguished services as Political Agent at Candahar during the first Afghan War, in Turkish Arabia in a similar capacity, in Bagdad as Consul-General, and at Teheran as Envoy and British Minister to the Court of the Shah of Persia, it is rather as an archæologist—"the father of Assyriology," as he has been styled—that an interest in his death will be evoked among readers of *The Sketch*. A peculiar fascination attaches, undoubtedly, to the career of the man who, when a young East India Company's officer—holding an appointment as reorganiser of the Persian Army—at

the peril of his life, on the frail support of a long ladder lodged on a ledge three to four hundred feet from the ground, set himself to copy day after day the mysterious cuneiform inscriptions at Mount Elwend, near Hamadan in Persia, and then to interpret the meaning of these trilingual tablets carved in Persian, Babylonian, and Median.

There was, too, a wonderful charm about the personality of Sir Henry Rawlinson. He was quite the *beau idéal* of an English officer of high military rank. Tall and of handsome physique, possessing in his manner the *cachet* of authority which his many important appointments had bred, and to which his diplomatic tact had always imparted a polish, there was an additional attraction in the little touch of vanity of habitually wearing a loosely knotted red tie, which contrasted so admirably with his silver-white hair, moustache, and side-whiskers, and which gave him a *souçon* of the *beau sabreur*. Sir Henry was a good old sportsman, too, as became a "Lancashire lad." And his father was not only the owner of Coronation, that won the Derby of 1841, but he also bred and trained the horse; whilst Sir Henry was the hero in India, in 1833, as winner of the remarkable time-race down the Ghauts from Poonah to Panwel, a distance of 72 miles, and accomplished in 3 hours 17 mins. It is said that, to increase his chances, he arranged to have among his changes of mounts a celebrated "bolter."

What always impressed every friend of Sir Henry Rawlinson was the almost reverent devotion of his wife, who predeceased him a few years. She was his "bear-leader," as he used often smilingly to remark. Nothing pleased her better than to show you, often clandestinely, the splendid decorations in brilliants which had been conferred on her husband by well-nigh every potentate in the world, while she seemed to have at her fingers' ends the titles of the innumerable learned societies who had honoured themselves by making Sir Henry a member. It just occurs to me to wonder what disposition Sir Henry has made of his unique collection of curios, such as the black marble Babylonian "land-marks," the ancient bas-reliefs from Nineveh, and the engraved judgments, decrees, and receipts on stone which remind us of the stone tables of the Decalogue as delivered to Moses. I expect that all Sir Henry's relics will go to the British Museum, of which institution Sir Henry was appointed a Trustee by Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Daly's production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" in his New York theatre is the first performance of the play in New York since Kean mounted it there in 1846, that being its introduction to America.

Daly's Theatre
Broadway and Thirtieth Street.
Under the Management of Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY.

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1895,
And every Evening after until further announcement,

SHAKSPERE'S COMEDY
Newly arranged, to be given in Four Acts, and entitled

The Two Gentlemen of Verona,

Will be acted as above by the following interesting CAST.

THE DUKE OF MILAN,	Two Gentlemen of Verona,	Mr. GEORGE CLIRKE.
PROTEUS,		Mr. FRANK WORTHING.
VALENTINE,	A foolish rival to Valentine,	Mr. JOHN CRAIG.
SIR THURIO,	Who befriends Sylvia,	Mr. SIDNEY HERRERT.
SIR EGLAMOUR,	Father to Proteus,	Mr. GERALD MAZELL.
ANTONIO,	Servant to Antonio,	Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.
PANTHINO,	A clownish servant to Valentine,	Mr. CHARLES LECHE.
SPEED,	The like to Proteus,	Mr. HENRY CLEGG.
LAUNCE,	Where Julia dwells when she comes to Milan,	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
HOST,		Mr. TYRONE POWER.
FIRST OUTLAW,		Mr. HOBART BOWDITCH.
SECOND OUTLAW,		Mr. THOMAS BRIDGLAND.
THIRD OUTLAW,		Mr. CAMPBELL GOLLAN.
SYLVIA,	Beloved of Valentine,	Miss MAXINE ELLIOT.
LUCETTA,	Attendant upon Julia,	Miss SYBIL CARLINE.
JULIA,	Beloved of Proteus,	Miss ADA REWAN.

THE NEW SCENERY HAS BEEN PAINTED BY MR. ERNEST ALBERT. THE NEW COSTUMES HAVE BEEN MADE BY DAZIAN & CO. AFTER ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY GRAHAM ROBERTSON, ESQ. THE MUSIC HAS BEEN ARRANGED ENTIRELY BY MR. HENRY WIDMER, AFTER COMPOSITIONS BY DR. ARNE, SIR HENRY BISHOP, ETC. ETC. THE DANCES HAVE BEEN ARRANGED BY MR. CARL MARING.

THE PLAY PRODUCED UNDER MR. DALY'S PERSONAL DIRECTION.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. A SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the seventh Shakspearean play Mr. Daly has mounted, and he has followed the example of Kemble, who incorporated the setting of its quaint verses to the music of Arne, Bishop, Leveridge, and others.

The success of the *Lady's Pictorial* has inspired its editor, Mr. Alfred Gibbons, to issue a new weekly paper, the *Happy Home*, the first number of which appears on March 16. Its price is one penny, and there are sixty-eight pages, with many capital illustrations, the whole enclosed in a pretty wrapper. Ladies cannot fail to appreciate the liberality of the editor, which is not exhausted by the plentiful contents, but finds another outlet in prizes, amounting to one hundred pounds, for the most beautiful portraits. In the *Happy Home*—a title which, we fear, will be a stumbling-block to Cockneys—there are all sorts of topics dear to the feminine mind, and fashion designs and notes enough to satisfy the most voracious. Then there is a complete story, an account of Girton College, many useful household hints, and other varied pages.

Some couple of years ago there was a trifling epidemic of small magazines, most of which have died, though certain of them deserved to live. The *Butterfly* and the *Bohemian* started at about the same time, and though, alas! the former could not stand an English winter, the latter struggled on, and is beginning to hold up its head once again, though in a different form. I was invited, the other evening, to dine with the staff and certain of their better-halves, and it rejoices me greatly to think that I availed myself of the invitation. There was a combination of good dinner, good music, and good company together, with enough enthusiasm to float a man-of-war. The present proprietor and editor, Charles Forward, has acquired considerable journalistic experience among the publications of Mr. Hills, of Vegetarian League fame, and is going to make a bold bid for success. Perhaps at some future time early issues of some of the brilliant but unsuccessful papers will be difficult to get. Copies of H. J. Byron's *Mirth*, the *Nutshell*, the *Butterfly*, and the *Whirlwind* will probably be at the highest premium.

Sooner or later, everybody who has dealings with Mr. Whistler has reason to dread the epistolary genius of the eccentric artist. It is now Mr. George Moore's turn. Mr. Moore was rash enough to intervene in the dispute between Mr. Whistler and Sir William Eden, and his reward is to be taunted with his years of devotion to the painter, with the "reams of copy" he has "sold," and the "spurious reputation" he has made as "advanced connoisseur and cultured critic," all by extolling Mr. Whistler's merits. "Poor George!" writes that amiable man; "Expert Moore" is the pleasing nickname which he bestowed upon his faithful friend and expositor. Of course, all this will not make any difference to Mr. Moore's critical judgment, and I expect to read many more luminous articles by "Poor George" on Mr. Whistler's incomparable brush. But this latest example of the "gentle art of making enemies" is a sore trial to the human weakness even of the most conscientious connoisseur.

There was a rumour last week that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome had been elected a County Councillor for Brixton; but, to the disappointment of many, it turned out that another Mr. Jerome was the hero of this distinction. I should like to join in this regret, for the accession of the Mr. Jerome to the ranks of the L.C.C. might have given a *spark* of humour to that rather lugubrious company. The late election was fought without any

fun on either side, though Mr. Labouchere is in ecstasies about a speech delivered somewhere in Westminster by an ex-cabman, who is reported to be a natural wag of the first order, though Mr. Labouchere does not print any of the vaggeries. Now, Mr. Jerome on the County Council might at least have made the proceedings of that body occasionally readable. A real humorist at Spring Gardens would excite public interest to such a degree that, on the next election, there would be no complaints about the apathy of the ratepayers and the smallness of the polls.

I am always delighted to see a lady snap her fingers at the Law Courts. Mdle. Antoinette Bettini has done this with complete success. She has disregarded an order of the Courts, and gone off to South Africa in triumph. I presume that she does not intend to return, and that she will carol in the Transvaal for the next few years. The law is slow, and by no means ready to cope with a nimble-witted woman; but it has a dangerous habit of lying low, like Brer Rabbit, and touching one on the shoulder long after every decent person has forgotten all about a certain little affair that caused some noise at the time. But perhaps Mdle. Bettini has a card or two still to play, and means to come back for the rubber. As a lover of sport, I am ready to put my money on the lady.

I would have liked Mrs. Evelyn Threlfall's "Starlight Songs" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.) a great deal better had she chosen a less ethereal title, for her themes are intimately associated with earth and the everlasting things thereof; had she eschewed such wayward and uncouth rhymes as "silence" and "while hence," and "chilly" and "fill the" (prompting one to say "silly"—pardon!); and had she not rocked high Olympus to its base by making a dissyllable of "Zeus." But, in spite of these carpings, I can say honestly that I have read Mrs. Threlfall's ninety-eight pages with a good deal of pleasure. The best thing in the book, to my mind, is a "Hymn." For chastity of expression and breadth of treatment it could hardly be bettered; its reserve is in marked contrast to the lavish rhyming of the "Overture." Another poem, "To C. R. F. T.," is one of the few baby songs I have been able to read from beginning to end—and like. There is a hint of Swinburne here and there, but only a woman could have written it. There is a very equal mood through it, for which one is grateful, and, if Mrs. Threlfall can give us more work like it in her next volume, she will be sure of an appreciative audience of, at least, one.

Some of our actors, and still more of our actresses, have got their first stage leanings in a music-school. And it is rare to find either of them starting on the stage and then going in for music. Yet that is what Mr. Sydney Barraclough has done. After some experience in the provinces, he got a part in "The New Wing," at the Strand Theatre. Then he



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

MR. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH AS JACK CHESNEY IN CHARLEY'S AUNT.

played in "The Duchess of Malfi," was offered the part of Gerald Arbuthnot in "A Woman of No Importance," and created the part of Vivian in "Morocco Bound"; while he was Jack Chesney in "Charley's Aunt" on tour. All this he has abandoned to cultivate his voice in Paris, and he hopes to make his debut in grand opera as a baritone.

The performance of "Caste" by the amateurs of whom I wrote last week was repeated at Chelsea Barracks on Thursday with the same cast (here photographed) as follows—

Polly Eccles	...	MRS. W. JAMES.
Esther Eccles	...	MISS MURIEL WILSON.
Old Eccles	...	MR. C. P. COLNAGHI.
The Marquise	...	MRS. WILFRID MARSHALL.
George D'Alroy	...	LORD ROSSLYN.
Sam Gerridge	...	MR. NUGENT.
Hawtree	...	MR. EUSTACE PONSONBY.

A friend of mine, a young American lady, Miss Ruth Mitchell, who for some time has been residing in that Yankee paradise, Paris, has recently started an enterprise which, I should imagine, is likely to become popular, particularly with those of her compatriots who are staying in the Gay City. Miss Mitchell has opened American Tea-Rooms in one of the most fashionable Parisian thoroughfares, 26, Avenue de l'Opéra, and here she ministers to the wants of her clients. Of course, tea, coffee, and chocolate (admirably made and served, by the way) are to be had there; and, in addition to these necessary adjuncts to a tea-room, there are special American dainties to be obtained, at very moderate prices. In addition to these creature-comforts, the hostess, who is in every way a very charming young lady—as familiar with Paris as she is with London and New York—is ready to give

Augusta Holmes has led a romantic and somewhat troubled existence, recalling, from more than one point of view, that of George Sand. She is but rarely seen in Parisian society; wholly absorbed in her work, she lives for, and in, music, and her only relaxations are her frequent visits to the Opéra and Opéra Comique. Verdi is said to have a great opinion of her talent, and she was one of the few people whom he expressed a desire to meet when in Paris. Augusta Holmes is dark and slender; she has a fine contralto voice, and is an accomplished pianist.

The Queen Regent of Spain, through her affectionate anxiety to converse with her children by means of a household telephone while prostrated herself with infectious illness, has set a thoroughly practical and easily imitated example, which sufferers of the influenza plague might follow with advantage. Isolation is no less necessary with "flu" than measles, yet no members of the family, in most cases, realise that they partake of contagion as well as talk at the same time when conversing with their sneezing sick and sorry. Telephone companies should vote me an annuity for this hint. The doctors could have afforded a bribe as well. But they did not come forward. Not that it would have been any use—of course.

One questions whether those fighting sons of Italy who fell in the "Five Days" of '48 in Milan would appreciate the ceremony of disinterment which will take place on the 18th. A new monument has



Miss Muriel Wilson. Lord Rosslyn. Mrs. Marshall. Mr. Nugent. Mrs. James. Mr. Ponsonby. Mr. Colnaghi.

PERFORMANCE OF "CASTE" BY AMATEURS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

advice to strangers with regard to the milliners, dressmakers, jewellers, and dealers in antiquities whom it would be wise for them to patronise. Visitors to Paris who are not at home with regard to its restaurants, its places of amusement, and its various art treasures, cannot do better than call at 26, Avenue de l'Opéra; for the enterprising young American has taken a leaf out of the book of our own Miss Davis, and has a staff of lady assistants, who will be ready to accompany such strangers as require their assistance in connection with any of the various matters I have mentioned. Miss Mitchell has, I am glad to say, already met with so much encouragement that she feels very sanguine as to the future.

Augusta Holmes, the lady composer, whose opera, "La Montagne Noire," has just been produced with considerable success in Paris, has an interesting and striking personality. Half Irish, half Scotch, she was born in Paris, and was the favourite god-daughter of Alfred de Vigny, the famous author of "Cinq Mars." Madame Holmes, as a girl, studied music with the view of becoming a professional pianist, but her first composition was produced when she was only three-and-twenty years of age, by the Parisian Philharmonic Society, and attracted favourable notice. The following year a one-act opera, "Hero and Leander," of which she had written both words and music, was sung at the Châtelet Theatre. She has hitherto been perhaps best known as the composer of some exquisite songs often heard in the concerts organised by Lamioureux, and her triumphal ode, "Patrie," obtained the prize among the other musical competitions sent in to the Centenary Competition held in 1889, and was produced with considerable *éclat* in the Palais de l'Industrie.

been raised to immortalise that short, sharp struggle against Austria which took place then, and the "patriots' bones are to be rattled over a Milanese pavement before their final committal to the vaults beneath. It seems as if the dead might lie best in their first and last cradle. But, meanwhile, all Milan is up and fussing to do them this disturbing honour. And the new monument is, I hear, a very handsome erection.

The other night I saw a funny sight in Ambassadors' Court. I was passing through on my way to Pall Mall, and came across three men soldiers and a little toy—I mean, boy—soldier. One of the men was drilling the other two and a half, apparently for the edification of two servant-girls, who looked on with an intense admiration. The half-soldier carried a lamp, and by its light I saw the features of the commanding officer. They were lighted up with a conscious dignity that almost eclipsed the lamplight. He walked slowly round his gallant but small company; he gave an order, and they all stood erect. What pomp of majesty, what pride of power dwelt in the voice of the gallant chief! The servant-girls were evidently heavily impressed. What they thought they were doing, or why they did it, is too much for my limited intelligence. I am but a commonplace civilian, who never had a bump of patriotism until his native land was hundreds of miles away and low-class foreigners were robbing him. I stopped for a few minutes in contemplation, and then felt that a large smile was coming, despite all efforts of restraint. For a moment I hesitated, then turned and fled. So quickly did I retreat that the smile did not explode until I had almost reached the new Oxford and Cambridge Club. Then the gallant band of warriors might have heard the report in Ambassadors' Court.

The opera class of the Glasgow Athenæum School of Music has been giving a series of six performances, under the conduct of Mr. Allan Macbeth, of Boieldieu's comic opera, "La Dame Blanche," founded on the story of the White Lady of Avenel. The opera is not unknown in Glasgow, for it was produced there thirteen years ago by the Carl Rosa Company, which does so much for lovers of music in the provinces; and, as the story is Scotch, it is just the sort of opera that should become popular in a Scotch town. The rehearsals occupied four months, and resulted in delightful performances, with a choir and orchestra of ninety people. One notable feature of the production was that all the performers, save two, got a chance of impersonating the characters at the different representations of the opera as follows: Gaveston (former Steward of the Lords of Avenel), Mr. Alexander Auld and Mr. Golan E. Hoole; Anna (his Ward), Miss Jeanie Diack, Miss Minnie Grant, and Miss Beatrice L. Robertson; George (a young English Officer), Mr. David D. Aucott and Mr. J. A. Sim; Dikson (a Farmer under the Lords of Avenel), Mr. Walter Harvey; Jenny (his Wife), Miss Lizzie B. Brash and Miss Alice Chick; Margaret (an old Servant of the Lords of Avenel), Miss Nellie Moir and Miss Alice M. Gray; Gabriel (a Farm Servant of Dikson), Mr. John Fairweather and Mr. James Macfarlane; Macirton (District Judge), Mr. A. B. Reid.

The author of that popular play "A Gaiety Girl" has scarcely a proper appreciation of his own position in connection with this and similar works. He writes to the *Weekly Sun* to congratulate the writer of a very extravagant notice on that gentleman being one of the few critics who were able to praise "An Artist's Model." "The thing is going splendidly," he says. And he adds, "I have twice found that my taste is the public taste, whatever the critics may say." Herein Mr. Owen Hall is wrong. He presented to the public, on the first night of "An Artist's Model," a very dull and a very dreary performance. All that was good in it was due to Mr. George Edwardes. There were brilliant stars who, under no possibility, can weary us, and there were numbers of beautiful dresses. Since then, Mr. George Edwardes—no doubt, in co-operation with Mr. Owen Hall and others—has taken this, that, and the other portion out of the play, and, moreover, has eliminated some of the vulgarity, although not quite all. Even in this same column of the *Weekly Sun*—the very brightly written column called "Green-Room Gossip"—I find another paragraph to the effect that Mr. Edwardes is still busily engaged in adding new features and new attractions. It is absurd, then, to say that the author of the play gauged the public taste

from the first. A second visit showed enormous improvements, and I have no doubt that, in two or three weeks' time, the play will be as bright and as merry as the most exacting critic could wish; but that does not prove that the critics were not right about the first night.

"The oft-quoted saying, 'The Radical dearly loves a Lord,' was exemplified," writes a correspondent, "at the National Liberal Club on Saturday night last. When all the returns were in, and the Progressive party realised their precise position, there was a general call for speeches, as is common on these occasions when the smoking-room of the National



Photo by Stuart, Glasgow.

"THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL" (ACT I.).

Liberal Club is crowded to overflowing. A certain Mr. Richard Eve was voted to the chair—or voted himself there, I am not sure which—and this gentleman immediately called upon 'my Lord Carrington' and 'my Lord Russell' to speak, although there were at least a dozen successful candidates present in the room, many of whom had far greater claims, politically, than either Lord Carrington or Earl Russell. Assuredly, Mr. Eve is a gentleman whose bumps Charles Lamb would wish to have examined! One hardly expected this kind of snobbery at the National Liberal Club."

Dr. Robert Wallace is said to be a candidate for the office of Examiner of Plays. Dr. Wallace has been most things by turns—parson, doctor, editor, Member of Parliament. He is distinguished by genuine wit, not the jocularity which passes for such in the House of Commons, but the real genius for subtle and surprising combinations. He has been known to make Mr. Gladstone laugh even when he was delivering a speech by no means palatable to Ministers. As Examiner of Plays, Dr. Wallace might bestow some of the superfluities of his "wit" on playwrights not liberally endowed by Nature with that commodity.

My readers may be interested to know that an anonymous donor has given a hundred copies of the original photograph of the fox recently published in these pages to help the Prize Fund of the County Honey Show at Tunbridge Wells. So lifelike a picture of so fine a fox is worth securing, and may be obtained by remitting half-a-crown's worth of stamps to the Honorary Secretary of the Kent Bee-keeper's Association, Mr. I. Garratt, at Meopham. It is only photographers who are privileged to take "shots" at foxes without committing the unpardonable sin of "vulpecide." This particular picture probably cost many a "shot" ere success-crowned-the-venture.



Photo by Stuart, Glasgow.

"THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL" (ACT III.).

CHAMPION SHIRE HORSES.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



LORD BELPER'S ROKEBY HAROLD, WINNER OF THE HUNDRED-GUINEA CHALLENGE CUP.



LORD LANGATTOCH'S BESSMORE CUI BONO, FIRST PRIZE FOUR-YEAR-OLD MARE.



MR. B. H. HEATON'S VILLAN OF WORSLEY III, FIRST PRIZE FOUR-YEAR-OLD STALLION.



MR. J. P. CROSS'S CATHORPE MASILA, SECOND PRIZE FIVE-YEAR-OLD STALLION.

The horsey man should be satisfied to his heart's content at this season, when the great horse shows, beginning with Shire horses—last week it was hackneys, and now it is hunters—are held at Islington. The entries at the Shire Horse Show numbered 489 this year. The society, now sixteen years old, includes upwards of two thousand members, and has published fifteen volumes of its Stud Book, containing the pedigrees of 15,438 Shire stallions and 19,159 Shire mares. The Hackney Show, which held its eleventh exhibition last week, was a great success, the entries, 431, never having been exceeded.

A former prize-winner at the Hackney Show was Courier, owned by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. (and painted by Mr. Paul Wickson). Courier



went to America, where he has become quite famous, his son having recently won first prize for young stallions at the New York Horse Show.

The March number of *Harper's Magazine* (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.) is altogether delightful. There is the conclusion of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's enjoyable story, "The Princess Aline," which, one may safely prophesy, will have a popular reception when it appears in book-form; a capital tale, by Geraldine Bonner (a new name to me), of "A Californian," relating the love-experiences of the daughter of a parvenu; a well-illustrated account of the "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," by Laurence Hutton, who has a genius for making topography interesting; and the continuation of Thomas Hardy's re-titled story, "Heart's Insurgent." Then Sarah Orne Jewett contributes one of those charming tales, full of observation and artistic mastery of pathos, by which she is known. It is called "Fame's Little Day," and relates the pardonable action of a young reporter in bringing a humble merchant into sudden notoriety. Mr. St. George Mivart writes on "Heredity," and Caspar W. Whitney on "Fox-Hunting in the United States." But there are many other excellent features in the magazine which space does not permit me to mention.

The problem of the Chino-Japanese war will get much light thrown on it by Mr. Henry Norman in his forthcoming book on the "Far East," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish. Mr. Norman is a cosmopolitan, if ever there were one. He was born in Leicester, educated privately in France in the house of the Director of a French Lycée, went to Harvard University, U.S.A., instead of to an English University, when his time for college came, and took two degrees there, besides playing the second part in the Harvard Greek Play and writing an illustrated book about it, and was then a member of the University of Leipzig for two years. He knows the United States from ocean to ocean; has made a special study of Canada with regard to its political and agricultural future, having driven in an open sleigh over large parts of Manitoba to visit the farmers, and believes strongly in the future of Canada; he has travelled in almost every European country, and has spent some time in Egypt, particularly at Wady Halfa, examining the question of the Soudan. His most important travels, however, have been in the Far East.

A few years ago, when suffering from the effects of overwork, he decided to make a trip round the world, and undertook to supply a certain number of letters to the Press, under conditions which left him free to go or stay anywhere he liked. He left London, intending to be away seven months, and returned in something less than four years. During this period he did a good deal of solid travelling. His long stay in Japan resulted in "The Real Japan: Studies in Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and Politics," which was published in 1892, and which ran rapidly into its fourth edition. After Japan, Mr. Norman made a careful study of Vladivostok, the famous Russian naval base on the Pacific, rode alone across Korea, stayed some time in Peking, where he was the guest of Sir Robert Hart,

for whom and whose work in China he has an enthusiastic admiration; spent three months in Siam; made a trip to the Philippine Islands; went twice to Tonkin and French Indo-China generally, and got as far as the Franco-Chinese frontier, where the commander of the French garrison was killed in an encounter with Chinese pirates two days after he left; visited all the British Colonies in the Far East, and, in particular, travelled throughout nearly the whole of the Malay Peninsula.

Mr. Norman's experiences in this part of the world have resulted in his work on "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." He is a strong Imperialist in matters of foreign policy, and has written that he cares more for the British Empire than for any other impersonal consideration on earth. His hobbies are sport, photography—he brought back upwards of a thousand negatives from the East—horse-breaking, and the collection of first editions. He is a well-known contributor to the magazines on foreign politics, and has been for some time on the editorial staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, with especial charge of the literary department. He married, in 1891, Miss Mérie Muriel Dowie, the author of "A Girl in the Karpatisians" and "Gallia."

I have been reading Max Nordau's remarkable book "Degeneracy," which is dealt with at length elsewhere in this issue by another hand. It is certainly powerful; but I must confess that since reading it I have been asking myself at every step, "Am I mad? Are we all mad?" It would be a horribly depressing book were it not so racily written. As it is, it has left this residue of rhyme in my mind—

Cassandra (made in Germany)
Declares we're mad as mad can be,
Although each madman cannot see
The symptoms of his mania.
It need not be the madman's leers,
For oftentimes the thing appears
In squinting eyes, protruding ears,
And badly shapen crania.

The world is full of wild unrest,
And scarce an one can stand the test.
One man adopts a Jaeger vest,
And one's a vegetarian;
Another is an Anarchist,
An anti-Semite, Chauvinist,
A mono- or bi-metallist,
A fiery-tongued Agrarian.

Poor Doctor Ibsen, with his screams,
And Oscar Wilde, are men of dreams;
They're "mystics," "symbolists," it seems,
And "mattoids" *inter alia*.
Indeed, the blameless lad who rhymes
(As most of us must do at times),
If really not committing crimes,
Is cursed by "echolalia."

Diseases seem to grow apace
And overtake our hapless race,
Although it's very hard to trace
The divers forms of mania:
For had Herr Nordau ever read
The volumes from the Bodley Head,
He might have found another dread
And labelled it "John-Lania."

But "Egomaniacs" couldn't kill
The human heart, and soul, and will;
The Decadents would cease to thrill
The modern man as soon as he
Discovered that his brain and bone
To every sort of craze was prone;
Then every man would be his own
Commissioner in Lunacy.



From Harper's Magazine.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Who shall measure the vagaries of Court Etiquette? I see that Mrs. Keeley, whose vivacity at the age of ninety puts your middle-aged whipper-snappers to the blush, paid a visit to the Queen lately, at her Majesty's special request. The veteran actress, in whose presence her Sovereign must have felt quite deplorably young, had a little Drawing-Room all to herself. She was received by the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Princess Louise, who talked to her about the art of which she was so long a conspicuous ornament. Now observe that Mrs. Keeley, who goes to Buckingham Palace not to act, not even to give a recitation, but to enjoy a particular mark of the Queen's personal favour, is to Court Etiquette a pariah. By tradition, tape, and sealing-wax she is excommunicated. At no time in her career could she have been "presented." No Lord Chamberlain ever dreamed of sending her a card for that astonishing ceremony, in which, after a scrimmage like a football match, several hundred ladies have the privilege of displaying several miles of train to the Queen's gaze, and of formally kissing the royal hand. Yet Mrs. Keeley has received a distinction for which those hundreds of maids and matrons would cheerfully give hair, eyes, and the miles of flounces to boot.

The affairs of this world are not governed by pure reason, and that ethereal quality enters less, perhaps, into the pomp and circumstance of social advancement than into any other sphere. But it should be obvious, even to the most anomalous intelligence, that if a dramatic artist is admitted, *quid* dramatic artist, to the privacy of Buckingham Palace, there is something irrational in the regulations which exclude dramatic artists from the Drawing-Room and the Levée. An actor may regard the ponderous ceremonial at St. James's Palace as merely the guinea-stamp, and feel that "a man's the gowd for a' that"; but he may be excused for a sense of injury when, despite the private affability of royal personages and Court officials, he finds himself still ostracised by the august Etiquette. A writer in the *Theatre*, who discusses this question with some bitterness, inquires why a wholesale dealer in bedsteads should go to a Levée when the head of the dramatic profession is not deemed good enough for an invitation. Etiquette, I believe, makes some delicate distinctions between wholesale and retail, but damns all actors with one comprehensive ban.

There was once a German actor in great favour with the old Emperor William, who, after many proofs of regard, asked him whether he had any wish ungratified. "Sure," said the tragedian, "I want to go to Court." "That is impossible," replied the Emperor. "Anything but that! Why, man, suppose you quarrelled with a courtier—how could he accept a challenge from an actor?" In that particular case the argument was held conclusive. But here we do not live under the refinements of German militarism, and abstract questions of honour are not determined by the chance of a leaden missile or the strength of a swordsman's wrist. Hath not an actor eyes, organs, senses, dimensions, which he may employ, if need be, in a court of law, to the confusion of any antagonist, of whatever rank? An English actor may receive a University degree, and addresses from civic, literary, and scientific corporations; in the private intercourse of society he may encounter no barriers of caste. But he is not worthy to don a Court-dress and make a bow in the presence of his Sovereign's representative. And if he ever had that privilege before he took to the evil courses of the player, the remorseless hand of Etiquette blots his name from the Lord Chamberlain's Golden Scroll. Consider the feelings of those scions of the aristocracy who are constantly recruiting the stage, and who, if, by force of habit, they betake themselves to St. James's Palace on Levée day, may, for aught I know, be fired on by a sentry! Think of a bleeding form with Etiquette standing over it, and remarking judicially, "Only an actor! Justice has been done!"

Mr. Stead has made a very temperate protest against the boycott of the *Review of Reviews* on the Irish railway bookstalls. It seems that the Boycotter, a very religious man, objected to the number in which Mr. Stead gave great prominence to Mr. Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," for the purpose of confuting the doctrine of that sociological treatise. The Boycotter addressed a sermon or two to Mr. Stead—who must have found it a novel sensation to be preached at—pointing out that, as Mr. Grant Allen's theory was subversive of Christian marriage, the traveller in search of light reading on the Irish railways ought to be protected from such lamentable heresy. Mr. Stead meekly replied that this was also his object; to which the Boycotter rejoined that he thought the antidote was a dangerous advertisement of the bane.

There is humour in this idea, but it is rather unsatisfactory to a controversialist who thinks he is battling with the heathen. I wonder whether the Boycotter discriminates between institutions which it is unsafe to defend and institutions which may be upheld with impunity. Is Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" considered a proper companion for a railway journey in Ireland? Are the magazines carefully searched for contraband in the shape of answers to heretics before they are permitted to repose upon the primeval innocence of the Irish bookstall? The pangs of a conscientious, if muddle-headed, censorship cause some queer compromises. At Ealing, "The Manxman" has been found unfit for general reading in the free public library; so it has been placed in the "reference" department, where, no doubt, it may be consulted by the curious under the heading of "Manners and Customs of Man (Isle of)."

Surely there is too much gravity in these accumulating protests against the tendencies of contemporary fiction. In my favourite evening paper is a series of perturbing articles about the growth of "sex-mania" in novels. The writer analyses several stories and finds that they all turn upon one theme. "Why is this called life?" he cries. "People are not always thinking and acting in this fashion. Here is a book entitled 'Discords.' The very name shows the author's ignorance, for a piece of music without some harmonies is impossible. Life is not a succession of jars and violent concussions." It is not; but it is such a very inharmonious composition for a great many of us that your musical analogy, my friend, is rather irrelevant. And why ask the novelists you do not like to vary their attitudes of observation, and write something agreeable? There is plenty of optimism about. You will find tons of it in the voluminous works of Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Marion Crawford. If you are tired of one view of life in fiction, why not try another, instead of making all this pother? I learned the other day, on the authority of Mr. Henry James, that the great defect of Maupassant is in his "short views." If anybody can find long views, or any kind of views, in Mr. James's charming books, he possesses an enviable insight. As for me, I am comforted by the story of the horse-dealer in the play, who was charged with complicity in a murder on the evidence of a riding-whip with a peculiar nob. He invited the police to examine his stock of whips. "Some has big nob," he said, "and some has little nob; some has silver nob and some has brass nob, and some has not no nob at all." Well, there is an equal variety of "views" in novels; but I fancy that the "not no nob" are in a huge majority.

It is more interesting to consider what consistent attitude an author should adopt towards his publisher. The death of Mr. Frederick Chapman reminds me of an anecdote in Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography." When Mr. Chapman called upon him for the first time, Trollope happened to have the poker in his hand. His aspect was always rather aggressive, but, armed by coincidence with this domestic implement, he was so alarming that the visitor was immediately submissive, and agreed to everything. Of course, a publisher does not call upon every author; and, as you cannot carry a poker about the streets, some other weapon, a heavy stick, or a sword which emerges in an insinuating way from a cane, would be a judicious ally in negotiations. I remember that one day in Washington I was taken by a friend to call on the Secretary of the Navy. My friend produced a card on which was the figure of an ogre wielding a club, and accompanied by this legend: "Don't keep me waiting, or I'll send him in." To my amazement, this card was given at the door to a venerable negro, who took it with perfect gravity, and in half a minute we were ushered into the Secretary's presence. I don't know what would happen to the sender of such a message at the Admiralty, but I mention it to indicate the kind of moral suasion which might be usefully employed with publishers.

The kilt, or, at any rate, the tartan, is adjusting itself to Cockney limbs. Or am I mistaken in discerning the inspiration of "A Window in Thrums" in "A Street in Suburbia"? Mr. Pugh's wisecracks have a powerful London dialect, but they suggest a strong family resemblance to the wit and wisdom of Kirriemuir.

We drop into oblivion
To nourish some suburban sod,

sings Mr. John Davidson; but Mr. Pugh may make his literary reputation racy of the "suburban sod" if he is not hurried by injudicious admirers into the belief that he is a prodigious humorist. The ways of the London poor are not entirely new in fiction, and, personally, I am a little weary of stories about their zest for expensive funerals. After Mr. Arthur Morrison's grim study of this social phase, Mr. Pugh's observation of the same phenomenon lacks freshness.



A QUIET STROLL.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"DEGENERATION."*

Dr. Max Nordau is a many times "removed" cousin of that laborious type of fellow-Teuton who wrote a preface to an epigram and compiled an index to a sonnet. His book, suffering in nowise, after the manner of bishops, from translation, is sprightly reading, albeit there are five hundred and sixty closely printed pages of it. Some ten years ago, he published his "Conventional Lies of Society" ("Die Conventionalen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit"), in which the causes of modern unrest and discontent were referred to the discord between the actual motives which rule the conduct of civilised men and the inherited creed to which they give lip-service. Theories of that order are abstract enough for everybody to apply them to somebody else. But the matter of the present work is too concrete to permit of that. A "severe mental epidemic" is submitted to the most rigid diagnosis. Its victims—whose names in some cases will startle and surprise us—are subjected to merciless vivisection at the hands of a skilful physician. It is well known that the explanations of science have been extended from the pathology of the body to that of the mind, Morel, Lombroso, Maudsley, and others showing that crime is not due to original or innate depravity, but to degeneracy, manifest in certain physical and mental stigmata, or brand-marks. Among physical stigmata are unequal development of the two halves of the face or skull, enlarged ape-like ears (or ears like Donatello's in Hawthorne's "Transformation"), hare-lip, webbed fingers, &c. Mental stigmata are egoism, uncurbed emotionalism, powerlessness to resist impulse—in brief, hysterical crankiness and want of balance. The theory of degeneracy by which Lombroso, "his dear and honoured master," as he calls him, explains criminality, Max Nordau applies to the "degenerates in literature, music, and painting who have in recent years come into extraordinary prominence, and are revered by numerous admirers as creators of a new art and heralds of the coming centuries."

He is, of course, careful to distinguish between the abnormal which constitutes the genius and the morbid deviation which results in the degenerate—a distinctive failure to see which has led to reckless application of the word "genius" nowadays. The book is divided into five parts. The first part derides the mental flabbiness, the want of self-control, manifest in the general crepuscular mood in which the end of another century is approached. Mimicry of dress of bygone times and far-away countries, affectation of delight only in music that counterfeits devotion, or in poetry that is obscene or obscure, or that smells of the winding-sheet—such are among the manifold signs of confusion and unsoundness. But Max Nordau rapidly passes through this and two following sections on "diagnosis" and "etiology"—finding the causes of "both degeneration and hysteria in the excessive organic wear and tear" of these times—to the three forms which these diseases assume, namely, Mysticism, Ego-mania, and Realism. The definition of each type is followed by specimens, duly labelled, and fully described; but the several differences between them constitute them, in the language of biology, only varieties, not genera.

Mysticism represents a state of mind always connected with strong emotional excitement, in which "the subject imagines that he divines unknown relations among phenomena, discerns in things hints and mysteries, and regards them as symbols"—in homely English, a muzzy condition, in which the emotions are wholly beyond control "through weakness of the higher cerebral centres." Representative types of this are the pre-Raphaelites and Ruskin, their whilom champion, "a Torquemada of æsthetics"; Swinburne, a "delirious Diabolic"; William Morris, "who persuades himself that he is a wandering minstrel of the time of Chaucer"; Verlaine, "a mad erotic" perpetrator of revolting crime, a

repulsive degenerate, with "asymmetric skull and Mongolian face"; Tolstoi, who has a whole chapter given to his crazy, hazy theories, the superfluity of which (or of any other theory on his showing) is manifest in face of his advocacy of entire sexual abstinence; and, passing by the "pitiable mental cripple" Maeterlinck, there remains Wagner, "a gifted musician," in whom, nevertheless, the stigmata of degeneracy "are united in the most complete and most luxuriant development." He is an erotic pseudo-religionist. Ego-mania—the definition of which is preceded by an excellent account of the theory of cognition—is "an effect of faulty transmission by the sensory nerves and obtuseness in the perception centres," which prevents its subject from comprehending his true relation to others. He is out of focus; and they who are most sane know how hard a matter is the acquirement of true perspective. Hence all the "phobias" and "manias" of Egoism. Types of this are Baudelaire; the æsthetes, headed by Oscar Wilde, whom Max

Nordau, betraying a lack of humour, takes seriously, declining to refute his "silly statement" that "the Impressionists have changed the climate of London by introducing fogs"; and, *facile princeps*, Ibsen, a "poet of great verve and power," but a "nebulous and amorphous thinker," whose theory of "living out one's life" makes "the Ego its own legislator," enslaves women, and effects social demoralisation. Nietzsche, the "philosopher" of Ego-mania, is, happily, little known here, and the selections from his maunderings prepare us for the news that he is in a lunatic asylum.

Realism, as a moribund degeneracy, is briefly treated. Max Nordau comes to bury Zola, not to quote him, except sparsely. The earliest sense developed, after touch, in animals, was that of smell; and the use of odours by Zola in his erotic scenes is no slight stigma of his school, although in realism Hermann Bahr goes "one better," when he describes an amorous painter as "licking the soap from the fingers" of his loved one "to refresh his fevered gums." But, as the motto of degeneracy is "Nothing is true, and everything is permissible," we may admire Herr Bahr's moderation.

In the last chapter, Max Nordau, summarising these phases of "degeneracy and hysteria," bids us not despair. The disease is no new one; but modern conditions have aggravated it, and what is endemic has, for the time, become perilously near epidemic. Brain-fatigue breeds satiety, or craving for novelty; hence the supply of eccentricity which the superficial greet as originality. But the whole heart is not sick; "humanity is not senile, and a moment of over-exertion is not fatal to youth." Moreover, the

degenerates die—many of them in asylums—and, for the most part, die infertile, for their non-virility is physical as well as mental.

Despite the overstraining of certain points, as, for instance, an absurd insistence on metrical defects, use of refrain, &c., as signs of degeneracy, Max Nordau's assessment of the types chosen as warning examples will receive the assent of sober judges of modern tendencies. But if we take heart from his book, we must take heed as well. A very great responsibility rests on the critic; and he needs to learn more of mental pathology, so that he may apply his caustic to the plague-spots of literature. Let there be a more moderate use of superlatives about every new-comer into letters; if his work have the quality of permanence, it can be left to that verdict of Time which we so fretfully anticipate. Degeneracy is a passing phase, a measles of literature; and the world, sane and self-restrained, will feel that, be they trumpeted never so loudly, the decadents

cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakspeare, teach.

SURE TO RECOVER.

"Doctor, do you think my wife will recover?"

"Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get well."—*Life*.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

Yours very truly
D. M. Nordau.

* "Degeneration." By Max Nordau. London: William Heinemann.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

POOR BASINGHALL'S CHAMBERS.

BY E. NESBIT AND OSWALD BARRON.

Mr. Hubert Prideaux was glistening in paint, wet and white, upon the black outer door of the chambers. The laundress had tidied up after the goods-removers, and gone down the narrow, winding stair, leaving Mr. Hubert Prideaux to watch the spluttering of a fire that seemed an unwilling stranger in an unaccustomed grate. Even so unwilling was Mr. Hubert Prideaux, who stood watching the loose straws from the packing-cases meet the pale flames and burn in thick grey smoke. Not till the last straw had dropped in ash did he sit down in his new wicker-work arm-chair to meditate over this first scene in the first act of "The Last Chance."

He was thirty-three, worthless, and the worse for wear. The fortune of which he should have been a worthy and gracious trustee had followed the portion of the Prodigal Son, spent in the same far country. And when it came that he arose and went to his own, there were kinsfolk who, chiding him loudly, yet put on him the best robe that remained to them, and recovered the gold ring that had left his finger.

Then he had been given another chance, and he fell away; and another chance, and he fell away; and the best robe was soiled, and the gold ring was changed again, by an ill spell, to a square of pasteboard.

And now, with the husks still in his mouth, he was given a Last Chance.

The next morning he was to sally out from Verulam Court, Gray's Inn, in the frock-coat and shiny new hat of his recovered citizenship. To-day he wandered from the dismal, new-scrubbed bed-room to the severe sitting-room, and cursed himself, his relations, his friends, and the weather. Last of all, he cursed the smouldering fire, and the chambers, room by room, for he already hated them, as if they knew all about him, and disapproved as a consequence. Besides, he had a horrid feeling that he was not alone in them. Presently an old friend, who had shared with him his earliest dinners of husks, found him out by hazard of chance, and came on him in this ill state.

The old friend, whose own Last Chance had foundered some two years since, sat him down opposite Prideaux, prepared to exchange certainiggardly sympathies.

"I suppose you have no whisky?" said Mr. Wolfe. He said it abstractedly, as if it were a remote and improbable accident, but descended to injured astonishment on hearing that his supposition was correct.

"I'll send my man out for some," said Prideaux, after the long pause, "if he turns up here. I've only got him for a day or two more. After that, the launder-hag."

"Never mind," said Mr. Wolfe grudgingly; "we'll go out directly it's dusk. Whisky used not to fail us in these rooms, eh? I've carried you downstairs to a cab from here before to-day. That was when poor Basinghall had this set."

Prideaux looked round him. "I'm glad you thought of that," he said; "there was something beastly about the rooms, you know, as if I'd seen them in a dream, or as if they were haunted. I remember the place now. I believe poor Basinghall is gone over to the majority. He was a good sort of chap."

"Pity he's gone aloft! Come on out," said Mr. Wolfe. "This place is enough to give one the pink crocodiles. Come out and kill the worm."

And, with the Last Chance sitting on his shoulders and whispering at his ear, Mr. Hubert Prideaux took his new silk hat and went out to the slaying of the worm.

Now the worm dies not, but the Last Chance is mortal.

The next morning Mr. Hubert Prideaux was indisposed. A pulse was rapping at his temples, which seemed bound with strands of wire. A warm penny haunted his mouth and tongue, and he was yellow where he was not pale and wan.

Maypowder, his man, the tale of whose superior service had so nearly run out, was preparing some tea and dry toast in the other room. Prideaux could see him pass the open door between.

The symptoms of indisposition were readily understood by Maypowder, who brought in the dark strong tea so soon as Prideaux stirred in bed.

"Nice morning, Sir," he said; "quite spring-like," and retired at once to brush a coat in the passage.

The symptoms were familiar to Mr. Prideaux; but the tea and toast brought with them the memory of a past night, and he sank back on his pillow exhausted by the remembrance.

"I am going as mad as a wholesale hatter," he said. "I've done it at last. They'll lock me up next, which will save any further anxiety about me, unless this dog-hole is really haunted. Maypowder!" he called feebly, "come in here."

Maypowder responded with a temperate alacrity.

"And a little soda-water?" he said.

"No, no! Look here, poor Mr. Basinghall had these rooms four years ago. He used to give little 'evenings' here. You remember Mr. Basinghall—he came to us once in St. James's Street?"

"I seem to recall the name, Sir, but not intimately."

"Well, he's dead, Mr. Wolfe says; and last night I was having a little whisky after dinner. I came back here, all the same, quite



Cursed himself, his relations . . . and the chambers, room by room.

understanding what I was doing, or else how could I have climbed these step-ladders of stairs? I was feeling a little cut-up and out of sorts. I'd left the door open—that was a good thing, because I couldn't find my key—and I was thinking of poor Mr. Basinghall."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"Well, I came in through the bedroom, and there was a rattling of glasses, and voices talking in the sitting-room; and when I opened the door, there I saw poor Basinghall, just as he used to look when he was alive."

"You don't say so, Sir?" said Maypowder, perfectly unmoved.

"He was standing up, with a glass in his hand; and when he saw me he shouted my name, and the other ghosts who were with him shouted my name too. And I suppose I fainted, for when I came to I was here in bed. I tell you, Maypowder, it was all so horribly real—a bit misty and shadowy, you know, and the voices hoarse and hollow—but I saw it all as plain as I see you now."

Maypowder coughed respectfully, and took up the high hat from the chest of drawers.

"Well," said his master, "what do you think?"

Maypowder brushed the hat dexterously as he marshalled his sentences.

"Well, Sir, since you put it to me, I will not deny that I am not one to cast the finger of doubt at any skeptical manifestations. I saw a white thing that would not admit of an explanation on Clapham Common myself once. But you say you were anxious and excited, and perhaps a little unwell, and the doctors do say many ghosts is only from after dinner and a light heart. Yet, I remember something in the *Review of Reviews*—"

"Oh, hang the *Review of Reviews*!" cried Prideaux desperately; "am I going mad, or are these rooms haunted?"

"Somebody's been using your new hat rather hard, Sir," said Maypowder, with polite irrelevance. "I must say—Oh, Lord!"—he dropped the hat, and stood staring at it as if it had been that of Richard in the ballad.

"Well, say it, if you must!" said Prideaux irritably. "What's up with the hat?"

"The hat, Sir?" said Maypowder slowly; "this hat hasn't your name in it. It's got *Mr. Basinghall's* name, Sir. I shouldn't wonder if it's been materialised."

"Maypowder, if I'm mad, you're mad too—that's one comfort! Maypowder, I say."

"Yes, Sir."

"For God's sake, get me some brandy! Try the man in the next set. I'll move out of this cursed place to-morrow. The rooms are haunted, and it's no wonder, considering how poor Basinghall used to go it."

Maypowder retired, leaving his master to tremble beneath the sheets, and to wonder whether he, too, might not have gone it as fatally as poor Basinghall.

"There'll be plenty of us to haunt the rooms, if it comes to

than that of ordinary social life. Novelists as well as dramatists, undertaking to make things pleasant in the final outcome, do not scruple to involve their most amiable characters in an atmosphere of deception and duplicity. The spectator is not shocked, for it is only play; and there is a tacit understanding, in the theatre, that sympathy with ardent lovers must, by the accepted laws of fiction, be held supreme above the common obligation to speak the truth, to deal frankly and openly with all mankind. How else could the public be diverted with tales so ingenious, with a situation so intensely humorous, with such curious accidents, shifts, and dodges, with such exciting fears of detection? Mr. Appleton's latest story has all these qualities in a high degree. He manages the narrative with remarkable tact and skill. All the figures are lively, active, distinct individualities, manifestly affecting each other's moods. There is no refined wit, and no profound or lofty sentiment; but there is a good deal of genuine fun. It is scarcely worth while to ask, seriously, what right-minded people would think of such doings? What would be the judgment of respectable society upon a conspiracy of six persons, at the suggestion of Mr. Jell, the family solicitor, to defeat an unreasonable condition of a valid will, and to obtain £100,000, divided between the cousins Jack and Kate, by the artifice of a formal marriage which was to be treated as null, and to be quashed by collusive resort to the Divorce Court? "Old Father

Antie, the Law," may, perhaps, be considered fair game for tricky suitors and their accomplices; but surely the wedding vows are solemn. It is a relief when the reader finds that this sham marriage is to be performed at the registrar's office, not in the church. But Miss Kate Forester, who becomes, nominally, Mrs. John Cracklethorpe, with a view to becoming, as soon as possible, Mrs. Harry Vance, cannot be a young woman of high principles. A man of honour would not take her with a fortune of £50,000, and the world, after all, would not spare her reputation. Nevertheless, we find some amusement in her audacious violation of modesty, and in her unblushing theatrical assumption of seeming guilt from which she is actually free. It is not credible, however, that her Aunt Rebecca could have been won over to connive at such behaviour. The whole invention might have been rendered more tolerable if the lovers had had to evade more positive obstacles to a legitimate union. They could have easily married, to live in comparative poverty, without any cheating. It is for the sake of a large sum of money that they degrade themselves by an acted falsehood

practised during many months. This is a motive unworthy of generous young persons, and uncongenial to the spirit of a good love-story. The author will, let us hope, soon write again, with a better theme, not less briskly and cleverly. He has dedicated these volumes to Mr. Melton Prior, our well-known Special Artist.

M. W.



Maypowder brushed the hat dexterously as he marshalled his sentences.

haunting," he said grimly; "no loneliness here. No; if I'm to haunt a place, by George, I'll haunt it by myself!"

Maypowder came hurrying in, his stately calm unimpaired.

"It's all right, Sir. Do not distress yourself! Here's the brandy; Mr. Basinghall gave it me himself."

"Mr. what?"

"Mr. Basinghall, Sir," repeated Maypowder, superior to the last. "He isn't dead, Sir—only removed to the set above! It was his rooms you got into last night, Sir. And he saw you home, and you took his hat!"

There was a long pause

"Get me some hot water," said Prideaux; "I think I'll get up now."

So he got up, and went out gaily, in his own hat, to meet the Last Chance.

"THE CO-RESPONDENT." *

Delicate aversion to peruse Divorce Court reports need not be alarmed by the title of this clever and amusing novel. No story can be more innocent of exhibiting any vagaries of unlicensed passions. The questionable hero, Dick Rafferty, is only an artful-seeming rogue who lends his vagabond personality to an intrigue for the benevolent purpose of making two pairs of honest young lovers, by a rather dishonest trick, married and happy. It is a plot against legal formalities and social conventionalities, purely in the engaging interest of four true and fond hearts; of attached couples, Jack and Dora, Harry and Kate, who are constant and true to each other. This is a kind of finesse that was much in favour with the authors of old English comedy. Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Sheridan would not have refused to employ it. The stage, as literary criticism has justly perceived, has another moral code—with regard, at any rate, to the choice of means for a desirable end—

SOME FUNNY FINDS.

One of the queerest "finds" reported recently is chronicled by the correspondent of an Indian paper attached to the Afghan Boundary Mission. The region where these officers are at work is one of the wildest and most inaccessible conceivable, perched up among the gigantic mountain spurs which branch off from the Hindu Kush range and divide Kafiristan, the scene of Timur the Tartar's hard-won conquests, from Afghanistan and the maze of hills on the north-west of the Indian frontier. Here, hundreds of miles from civilisation, a young Kafir suddenly presented himself in the British camp, clad in an unmistakable uniform, with maroon-coloured collar, and the magic letters L. and N. W. R. upon it! One has heard of wild schemes of English railways across Central Asia to India, but one did not realise till now how near such projects must be of fulfilment. Else how, in the name of wonder, did the coat get out to Kafiristan? It reminds me of an odd thing which befell Sir Charles Euan-Smith while travelling in the wilds of Abyssinia, towards Magdala, Theodore's stronghold. The way was oppressively hot and deserted, but, at the expiry of some hours, a native woman was fortunately despatched, with an earthen jar of water on her head. Sir Charles's horse was almost dropping with thirst and fatigue, and, though the native woman had probably never seen a European before, it was not so difficult to make signs to her to give some water to the horse. She lowered the water-jar from her head, and, as she did so, the cloth which was used as a pad for the jar to rest upon was loosened, and out rolled—a bottle of Crosse and Blackwell's mixed pickles!

* "The Co-Respondent." By G. W. Appleton. In two vols. London: Downey and Co.

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST IN LONDON.

A CHAT WITH MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

Journalism, they say, has few prizes. Few or many, Harold Frederic has won one of the best of them. He is the London correspondent of a great American daily, the *New York Times*. His letters to that influential journal, commenting upon European affairs, are distinguished by felicitous and lucid style, sound judgment, and accurate information. They are quoted from one end of the Republic to the other. Mr. Frederic is also among the foremost novelists of his country. He has made his mark in literature since he came to London. His novels, however, with one exception, deal entirely with American life. The exception is an Irish tale.

In addition to his novel-writing, and his letters to the *New York Times*, Mr. Frederic has written much for the English Press. He wrote frequently for the *National Observer*, under Mr. Henley's editorship; he writes the philatelic page for the *Million*, and it was his reproduction in that paper of a current English postage-stamp which caused the Somerset House people to seize an edition of Sir George Newnes's popular weekly, and thereby give it bold advertisement and increased circulation.

"Frederic," said I, as we were lunching at the National Liberal Club, where he is to be found by those who seek him, "you are the most astonishing man of my acquaintance. I have known you several years, yet I have never known you affect to be busy, I have rarely heard you mention work; you seem to have more leisure than a member of the House of Peers, and yet you turn out a prodigious amount of 'copy.' How do you manage it?"

"System, my boy, system. I have working hours and playing hours. When I am at work, I shut myself up and nobody sees me; when I play, I am *en évidence*. As nobody sees me except when I am not working, I am supposed to be an easy-going lot."

"But when do you work?"

"Mornings and evenings. I have certain days for newspaper work, and certain other days for novel-writing, and a certain time every day for reading."

"Do you read much?"

"Yes, a great amount."

"Fiction?"

"A little. Don't ask me whom I think the best novelists of the day; and let's leave the *New Woman* out of it."

"All right. Poetry?"

"I'd rather saw wood."

"What then?"

"Whatever bears upon my work. Have you any notion what the preparation of a novel means?"

"In most cases it means next to nothing, I should say. In yours—well, you have touched upon a point that we can talk about. Let's see; you have written how many novels?"

"*'Seth's Brother's Wife,' 'In the Valley,' 'The Lawton Girl,' 'The Return of the O'Mahoney,' 'The Copperhead,'* and a batch of shorter tales. *Scribner's Magazine* gave me my real start. My first book was selected out of many as the serial with which that magazine started."

"The striking thing is that, although you write your American stories in England, you keep in such intimate touch with the life you describe at such a distance. What about the farm-life you describe in *'Seth's Brother's Wife'*?"

"Bless you, man! I was brought up on or near a farm. I spent my boyhood in getting out of bed at five in the morning to look after the cattle, and until I was fourteen I drove a milk-waggon, as a 'side-issue' in my agricultural duties. For one of my stories I read Company Law and that sort of thing, under the instruction of a well-known lawyer of my acquaintance. For *'In the Valley,'* which, as you know, deals with American life during the colonial period, I made eleven years' study of the domestic and political history of that time, the records, the 'costumes and properties.' Besides, I was born and reared in the New York valley that I wrote about. The idea of the story, and the spirit of it, soaked in my mind eleven years before I wrote the first chapter. Meanwhile I had other fiction afloat."

"To what extent do you plan your books before you write them?"

"In one sense, hardly at all. I seek only to know my people through and through. They make the story 'off their own bat' once they have

been started. But you must really know them first. I am now writing a novel, the people of which I have been carrying about with me, night and day, for fully five years. After I had got them grouped together in my mind, I set myself the task of knowing everything they knew. As four of them happen to be specialists in different professions, the task has been tremendous. For instance, one of them is a biologist, who, among many other things, is experimenting on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines. Although these pursuits are merely mentioned, I have got up masses of stuff on bees and the cross-fertilisation of plants. I have had to teach myself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his Church. Another character is a priest, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian. He loves luxury and learning. I have studied the arts he loves as well as his theology; I have waded in Assyriology and Schopenhauer; pored over palimpsests and pottery; and, in order to write understandingly about a musician who figures in the story, I have bored a professional friend to death getting technical musical stuff from him. I don't say this is the right way to build novels; only, it is my way."

"In the name of patience, when do you think out your story?"

"It shapes itself as I go along."

Then I write as I go along an elaborate sketch of what is just before me, chapter by chapter, noting down the incidents, leading bits of conversation, descriptions of characters and localities, straight up to the finish. This plan makes a little volume of itself."

"And then?"

"Then the book writes itself; and, when it's finished, I'm sorry. The pleasure of a novelist's life is living with his characters. When the book is done, that pleasure, or the greater part of it, ceases. Then the people go out into the world, and he loses sight of them, and has to begin all over again, and create a new set of friends."

Frederic's manuscript proves his painstaking. It is not in the least like what you would expect him to turn out. The penmanship is very minute, and clear, and precise, and neatly formed, as if every word were lingered over lovingly. It is as fine as copper-plate, dainty to the last degree, really exquisite craftsmanship. Frederic himself is a big, masterful man of thirty-nine, with the manner of a campaigner and a voice that would suit a commander of legions. I asked him how he acquired that delicate touch with the steel nib.

"Naturally enough," said he; "I am something of an artist in a small way. I have painted a little, and drawn a good deal. Besides, for three or four years I earned my living in America as a retoucher of photographic negatives."

"That was before you went into journalism?"

"Yes; I always had a hankering for ink-work. When I was eighteen, I became a proof-reader

in a newspaper office at Utica, in the State of New York. There I learned how 'copy' should be turned out. Then, next year, I became a reporter on the staff of the dear old *Utica Observer*. Three years later I was editor of the paper. In 1882 I was appointed editor of the *Albany Journal*, one of the most influential dailies in New York State. The first thing I did there was to swing that old High-Tariff Republican sheet out of the party, and make it a Free Trade Mugwump paper—practically the first of its kind. It was a part of the movement which made Cleveland, first Governor, and then President. But, though it was my fortune to help make some history there for a year or two, I didn't make anything else—that is, for myself. A syndicate of Protectionists bought the *Journal* back again, over my head, and turned me out. The *New York Times* sent me to London in 1884, and here I am."

"And how do you like it?"

"Oh, you must do the international gags yourself, if they are really needed. I suppose I ought to be pining to get back and sit with my arm round the neck of the American eagle. Perhaps I am. I don't know. The truth is that my work is so much the bigger part of me that, where that is, my natural home is. I like all places about equally well, if they involve occupation. And peoples—are they not all pretty much alike? I have the luck somehow of stumbling upon the good kind wherever I go. I feel equally at home here in England and in my old American town, in the Harz Mountains and in West Cork. They are all haunts of mine, and they have been good to me, intellectually and humanly, and I am grateful. There's no treason in that, is there?"

ARTHUR WARREN.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

THE VALE ARTISTS.

II.—CHARLES RICKETTS.

If Charles Shannon be destined to leave his name written boldly in the annals of lithography, that of his friend and fellow-worker, Charles Ricketts, will be equally *en evidence* in the history of bookbinding and wood-engraving. To see the many specimens of his work, the Lares and Penates of his home in Chelsea, to pass from one design to another, is to be almost bewildered by the charm of delicacy and bold beauty. To see the collection of books he has bound is to experience a feeling of absolute delight, to find in the sight of such dainty work a relief to the crude barbarities that must, alas! cumber one's own book-shelves. The skill of his draughtsmanship must strike the most casual observer, and it is not too much to say that he has made bookbinding in cloth an art, for, before his time, very few men had touched it. The interest aroused by Rossetti's work on his own and Swinburne's poems faded away, and was in danger of disappearing, when Ricketts woke it again to life. This can safely be said, for neither Walter Crane nor William Morris have done noticeable designs for cloth.

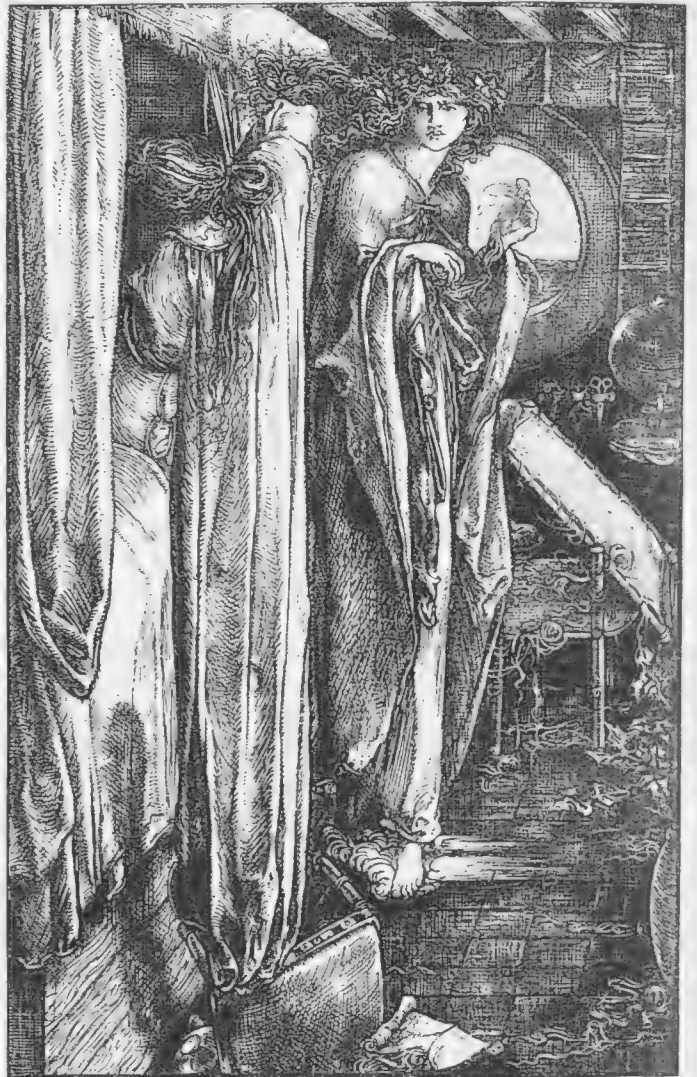
Of course, we cannot all afford to indulge in the beautifully bound and strictly limited editions of Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, but it is a popular mistake to imagine that they are exceedingly dear. I contend that, if we consider the workmanship and the material, the price is moderate. Moreover, the public has greatly benefited by the existence of beautiful books. Who cannot recollect how, a few years ago, the yellow-backed novel with poster-like picture was always with us? Nowadays we are lucky enough to have much less of it. Where, formerly, we saw three, we now see one, and, except in a few instances, publishers are moving with the times, and becoming more particular about the bindings they select. During the last decade special designs for special books have been made, in defiance of the old custom by which the publisher bought a stock of bindings to suit his own taste, or lack of taste, and put the books in them as soldiers are put in uniform.

There is one serious obstacle in the way of elaborate bookbinding, and that is, the fear of being misunderstood. The Philistine will not appreciate too decorative a book-cover, and will probably deery what he cannot understand. Strange though it may appear, this fact has made many publishers prefer the safety of monotony.

The *modus operandi* followed by Charles Ricketts in his work is similar to that which obtained before process-blocks were used, and is of great interest. He uses brass plates in place of the zinc generally used by the trade, and the work is all the better, by reason of the fact that he, being himself an engraver, fully appreciates the limitations of the engraver's art. Moreover, he draws his designs in gold, and not in black, so that they are seen from the very commencement in the form they will ultimately retain. Once these facts are clearly grasped, it is not difficult to understand the superiority of his work over that of his many imitators. Not content with his natural gifts, he takes the fullest opportunities of improving the conditions under which the work is done.

recently published by Messrs. Mathews and Lane. He illustrated this book in addition to binding it. "Silverpoints," by John Gray, is also the more attractive by reason of his binding, and it is a curious but noteworthy fact that some of his bindings, notably that of "Silverpoints," have been very much imitated. Whether the imitation is conscious or unconscious, I should not care to say; but, if innocent, it is a striking testimony to the influence of his work.

Charles Ricketts does not rely entirely upon bookbinding. As an artist in pen-and-ink, and an original wood-engraver, he occupies an enviable position. His work is deeply tinged with symbolism, and, better still, is at times intensely dramatic. The dramatic feeling is admirably shown in his illustrations to the poems of Lord de Tabley and



PHÆDRA AND ARIADNE.—C. RICKETTS, REPRODUCED BY WALKER.
From "The Dial."

in his drawings for the *Dial*, more especially in the third issue. A specimen of his work is given here, and admirably illustrates his qualities.

For his original wood-engravings we may refer to the second number of the *Dial*, of which he engraved the cover and all the text illustrations. In addition to this are the thirty-six designs to Daphnis and Chloe. Although Shannon partially designed them, it was Ricketts who drew them all upon the wood.

THEOCRITUS.

MISS MADGE McINTOSH.

Miss Madge McIntosh, who plays small parts in "An Innocent Abroad" and "High Life Below Stairs," at Terry's Theatre, made her professional début, only some two years ago, with Mr. Ben Greet's company. Last winter she made a most successful London début in "The Other Fellow," at the Court Theatre, since which she has been "out" with Mr. Terry's company. She comes of military stock, and, though of Scotch descent, was born in Calcutta nineteen years ago. However, she came West while a baby, and was educated in London and on the Continent. Showing the most marked dramatic talents, she studied elocution under the late Emil Behnke, and also became a proficient skirt-dancer. Her mother, who was a shining light in the amateur dramatic world, purposed taking her out to India, when the sudden death of her husband altered all their plans. Both mother and daughter have been seen several times at the famous theatrical performances given at Bushey by Professor Herkomer. Mrs. McIntosh has thought seriously of adopting the boards professionally herself. She has a sympathetic voice and manner, which remind one of Miss Marion Terry. The McIntoshes live in a dainty flat at Kensington Palace Gardens, as happy a sextet as one could find, composed of mother, three daughters, "Miser," a clever black terrier, and a cosy cat.



CHARLES RICKETTS.—A LITHOGRAPH BY CHARLES H. SHANNON.

It was for Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. that Charles Ricketts first started his cloth-binding, and it was, I believe, for this firm that he bound the earliest edition of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and Oscar Wilde's "Intentions." Next in the sequence of his progression come the "House of Pomegranates," also by Oscar Wilde, and the "Bard of the Dimbovitza," by Carmen Sylva. He has bound many more books, the very happiest of his achievements being "The Sphinx," by Wilde,



MISS MADGE McINTOSH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. LAMBERT WESTON AND SON, FOLKESTONE AND DOVER.

THE IRVING OF INDIA.

Mr. Cursetjee Merjwanjee Balliwala, the Parsee actor-manager and dramatist, has been called the "Irving of India." Londoners may have forgotten the fact, for they did not recognise it as they might have done at the time that Mr. Balliwala brought his company, of about five-and-twenty Parsee actors, to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, held in the Metropolis just ten years ago. The Victoria Theatrical Company, of which he is proprietor (as also of the Novelty Theatre, Bombay), was founded so long ago as 1868, under the auspices of an influential committee of native gentlemen, who, in course of time, were able to rescue the native drama from the hands of persons who had reduced it to a very low level and made it a by-word in the native community. The company did very good work for a few years, and, when it afterwards changed hands, Mr. Balliwala became one of the proprietors of the



Photo by Bhedwar, Bombay.

MR. BALLIWALA.

concern, visiting almost all the chief towns of India with it. Its fame, indeed, reached the ears of King Theebaw of Burmah, and he invited it to his capital, where it gave several performances and was rewarded with about fifty thousand rupees, while the chief members were presented with some rare rubies and diamonds, worth thousands of rupees. As it made little impression on Londoners, it went home poorer in pocket, but a great deal benefited in its professional accomplishments. Many an Indian institution has profited by Mr. Balliwala's generosity; and his fellow-townsmen in Bombay, headed by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy and the influential leaders of native society, recently presented him with a purse of six thousand rupees and an address of congratulation on the success of his efforts to "raise the Indian stage to a higher state of perfection." Perhaps, if Mr. Balliwala were to visit us again, he would meet with a greater measure of success than he did before. The coming Indian Exhibition would afford him the opportunity of another visit.

When the late Minister of Agriculture Mr. Herbert Gardner's play, "Time Will Tell," was produced for the professional debut of Mr. Bromley Davenport, at the Trafalgar Theatre, it did not strike anybody as a particularly clever specimen of the dramatist's art. That was nearly two years ago; meanwhile Time has told that it is good enough for amateurs, with whom it has become a great favourite. It has found its way even to South Africa, where it was produced in the beginning of last month by the Port Elizabeth Amateur Dramatic Club. Amateur acting has attacked the Port Elizabethans in a rather acute form. Elizabethans of any port should be dramatic, even if they abandon Shakspeare himself and take to modern plays, like the Port Elizabethans. Within the last three months they have mounted three pieces. The club is not new, but it has been whipped into activity by Mr. Henry Sims, a professional elocutionist. In December it produced Henry Hamilton's "Our Regiment" on an elaborate scale, Mr. Sims taking the leading part. For the occasion a local musician, Mr. Waltham Baker, composed a waltz, which has since been published in London.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The County Council Election that has gone, and left the somewhat comic-opera result of a dead-heat, may be regarded as a great blessing to London and the country at large. A complete reversal of former results, giving the "Moderates" as unduly large a majority as that which seduced the "Progressives" to work their own discomfiture, might have been disastrous. The new majority, small, and depending, as it does, entirely on non-elected aldermen, will not and cannot carry any weight for party purposes; and the party that should use a plurality due to chance or trick to pass partisan measures would justly and inevitably doom itself to future disgrace. For the next three years the work of the L.C.C. must be done by agreement between the two parties, or their more temperate members.

In the first moments of bitterness after defeat, the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes lifted up his voice and accused all but Providence, and the *Daily Chronicle* made hardly even that exception, and "honest" John Burns spoke wild and whirling words concerning policemen and soup-kitchens and labour leaders. Nor could any of the three realise that the main causes of the reverse were, to put it succinctly, Mr. John Burns and the *Daily Chronicle* and the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes. The *Tribune* of Battersea is a strong man, and (for a labour leader) "indifferent honest"; but his conduct shows that he is unable as yet to bear either victory or defeat in a creditable manner; and it is not necessary to cry out on popular ingratitude for placing him second on the poll. After all, men are but human; and a politician, however eminent, whose utterances are, as a rule, gratuitously offensive to some person or body of persons, will lose votes. The British workman does not like being blustered at and bullied, even for his own good.

Nor does any Englishman like being preached at. To say, as certain—in fact, too many—excellent ministers of religion did, that the late election was a fight between right and wrong, between heaven and hell, was the most effective way to damage their personal standing, their political cause, and their religious creed. The electors, not being altogether fools, understood that the voting was only to decide which of two sets of equally well-meaning gentlemen, with somewhat different views as to the methods advisable, they should choose to conduct their business. They have chosen equal numbers of both, and thus secured, as far as in them lies, that no important measure shall be passed that does not commend itself to both sets of gentlemen. Probably many Nonconformists remembered the famous line of Milton against "The New Forcers of Conscience," and did not care for the New Presbyter who was the "Old Priest writ large"—very fine and large, indeed!

It was not so much for what the Progressives did that they were disliked—it was "the nasty way they did it." That they should take due credit for what of good they had done, was natural and just; but they and their indiscreet journalistic friends proceeded to claim everything that everybody else had done. The Progressives were credited solely with having secured open spaces for playgrounds, when most of these spaces would have been accepted by any public body that could have been chosen to govern London. Private munificence, the late Metropolitan Board of Works, were robbed of their just praise to enrich the County Council with fictitious glory; and trees of two centuries were indirectly attributed to a six-year-old municipality.

So, too, it was praiseworthy to take up the question of "Betterment" and strive to solve it; but it was unwise and wrong to waste thousands of pounds in a vain attempt to establish a doubtful theory. And, just as the Progressive majority was treated as a nursery for Radical Members of Parliament, so the "Betterment" question was pressed as a part of the Radical campaign against the House of Lords, with which London, municipally, has nothing to do. Again, it was not so much the decision in the Empire case that alienated voters, as the disregard for the forms and spirit of ordinary justice with which that decision was given. In fact, the late County Council, like the late School Board, but in the opposite direction, was forgetting that power has duties as well as rights.

It meddled and muddled, it pried and spied, it talked largely and did little. Sir John Hutton and his party needed, and had, the same sharp warning that Mr. Diggle and his party needed and got a short time ago. The effect has already been seen in the School Board in good work and sensible deliberation; and a similar effect will probably follow with the London County Council.

And, in time, even the wild wailings of Progressive Parsons will yield to religious resignation—and *sal volatile*.
MARMITON.



LORELEI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

HOW SKATING IS TAUGHT.

There is just now no prettier and cheerier sight in London than the Niagara Skating-Rink. All day long a happy crowd of skaters disport themselves on the artificial-ice lake, an occasional tumble only adding to the fun, while upper and lower galleries are filled with a seething crowd of spectators and not unkindly critics. It was among the latter (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) that I found M. Léon, the French skating-master, who lately, together with his compatriot M. Plumet, had the honour of being sent for to Buckingham Palace to act as instructor to the Marlborough House royal skating-party.

"Although I came here," observed M. Léon, "from the Pôle Nord—of course, I mean the Paris North Pole," he added parenthetically—"I first

learnt skating at Hamburg, where I had been sent by my father to complete my education; but, as a skater, I claim to belong to the Viennese school, which is the best in Europe where our art is concerned."

"And in what way, Monsieur, does the Viennese differ from other forms?"

"It is far more graceful, and the figures are infinitely better than those taught or acquired elsewhere," he answered promptly. "I myself studied for a considerable time with the famous Austrian skater, Alexander, of Vienna; but I do not consider," he added, smiling, "that I have yet exhausted the possibilities of this my favourite form of *le sport*, for I am always learning and studying new figures and combinations of figures."



Photo by Langton, Buckingham Palace Road.

MM. PLUMET AND LÉON.

"And in how long a time do you and your fellow-instructors undertake to turn out a first-rate skater?"

"Well, some people take to it as ducks do to the water, others seem to find it as difficult as flying; but most of my pupils can begin to try the outside edge after a month's constant practice."

"Have you any view on the vexed question of costume?"

"*Mais certainement!*" he cried quickly. "Gentlemen should wear knickerbockers, and ladies short neat skirts and jackets. Those who persist in trying to skate in ordinary afternoon-gowns run a serious danger, especially when engaged in outside-edge skating. I may tell you," he continued, "that all the Princesses' costumes are thoroughly sensible in this respect, and it is a pity that royalty's example is not more widely followed. I myself consider a short skirt, neat jacket, and a small toque the ideal ice-costume for a lady. There should be no furbelows or trimming save what is quite flat and close to the figure."

"To become a good figure-skater must take up a deal of time?"

"Yes, indeed; when one of my pupils can execute what I call the double-eight, I consider him perfect."

"Do you consider that men or women make the best skaters?"

M. Léon laughed gaily. "The ladies," he answered diplomatically, "always look more charming on the ice, even when they are not really so sure-footed or skilful as their brothers and gentlemen friends."

"Do Londoners take as kindly to the art as Parisians?"

"Yes, indeed; and there are, no doubt, some splendid skaters over here; but, though French women take rather longer to learn, they, as a rule, end by becoming better skaters than the English ladies I have seen. By the way, I went down to Stowe House the other day; the Duc d'Orléans and his sister, Princesse Hélène, are both admirable skaters."

"Did you get any open-air skating during the frost?"

"Yes, and enjoyed it thoroughly; but I think that the music we have here greatly helps the skaters."

"May I ask you an indiscreet question? A general impression has got abroad that artificial ice is far harder than Nature's product, and that beginners run a greater risk of hurting themselves on a rink?"

"A tumble is always unpleasant, but I assure you there is no difference between artificial and real ice. I have had considerable experience of both, and so speak with knowledge. I am sure that, since the opening of the Pôle Nord, in Paris, many Parisians, and especially Parisiennes, have found their health and personal appearance improved by the steady exercise. Not only does it act like a tonic, but, what is, perhaps, more important to ladies, it conduces to a bright and clear complexion. You see, it is not necessary to attempt figure-skating; it is possible to be an excellent skater for all practical purposes without having any knowledge of the higher forms of the art."

NIAGARA REAL ICE SKATING-RINK.

Curiosity to see a place that everybody talks of just now led me (writes a *Sketch* representative) Niagara Hall-wards the other afternoon.

The Real Ice Skating-Rink there has become such an aristocratic rendezvous that I was not surprised to find the poky little street which runs past it from St. James's Park Station almost blocked with private carriages and hansoms. Streams of fashionably dressed folk converging towards the main entrance from all directions left no manner of doubt that the cult of *le patinage* had emphatically "caught on" in Society circles.

On passing into the front hall of the building, the visitor notices that both wings of it serve as offices for the clerical staff. Fronting the entrance are the ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms, while in the centre, flanking the passage to the rink itself, rows of glittering cases filled with skates of every approved pattern attract attention. In charge of these is a pretty, dark-eyed damsel, who will expatiate cunningly for your information on the relative merits of Aemes, Monier-Williamsses, and Caledonians. Then, going through folding-doors janitored by two uniformed officials, who relieve you of your ticket, you realise, all at once, why everybody who has been to Niagara talks of it so enthusiastically. The spectacle that meets the eye is so brilliant, the whole scene one of such gay animation, with the superadded charm of novelty, that for a time you are lost in admiration, and long to be a boy again to shout your delight. You find yourself in a spacious rotunda, almost the whole of whose floor is occupied by the skating-ground—a polished sheet of ice, ten thousand square feet in area, and level and bright as the surface of a mirror. It was crowded with skaters on the occasion of my visit, and it was a delight to watch them gliding swiftly past, curving here and there like swallows on the wing, their faces glowing with exercise, while the ravishing strains of one of Waldteufel's waltzes, played only as an Hungarian Band can play, floated down from the balcony above. Numerous handsome gilt-framed mirrors ornament the surrounding walls. Reflected in them, in endless lines, you see the large, brilliantly lit electric globes, which hang down from the lofty arched roof, as well as the figures of the skaters below, the illusive effect of this arrangement being most pleasing. Midway from the ground, and running round the whole circumference of the rink, is the balcony, extending upwards from which stretches a gigantic canvas representing Niagara in Winter. It formed part of a preceding entertainment, but anything more in harmony with its present surroundings could scarcely be suggested. Finally, there is a well-warmed circular corridor surrounding the ice, and provided with tables, where you can have refreshment served to you while watching the evolutions of the skaters.

Strolling round the promenade, I could not help being struck by the *chic* patronage the rink enjoys. Any number of Society people were in evidence, and, there being a slightly preponderating attendance of the fair sex, dainty confections of the milliner's art were everywhere to be seen. In the centre of a group watching interestedly Lady Colebrooke describing 8's of mathematical correctness, I noticed the Duc d'Orléans and the youthful Duke of Manchester; while on the outskirts, hotly pursuing what appeared to be the enemy in the shape of Grossmith *père et fils*, was the beloved of Thomas Atkins, the great "Bobs" himself—Lord Roberts. The Prince and Princess of Pless are, I learned, to be seen daily on the ice. Amongst the most constant attenders are Lady Dudley, Lady Call, the Marchesa de Serranezzana, and Donna Lydia. Miss Vibart is one of the best all-round skaters, while the clear figure-execution of the young and pretty Miss Diana Creyke makes her the cynosure of admiring eyes. Lord Clanricarde's Irish tenantry will be interested in hearing that their popular landlord gives visitors to the rink daily expositions of his skill in skating. Mr. Balfour has even found time from Parliamentary cares and golf allurements to don the shining blades.

"Yes," said Mr. Fishburn, the genial Managing Director, whom I buttonholed for a few minutes' conversation; "the rink is as great a success as I can wish. King Frost started competition shops all around, but our receipts, nevertheless, have continued to go up steadily. And if the attraction is such now, what will it be in warm weather?"

"That suggests a question. Is there any truth in the story that you would have opened last spring only for the County Council?"

"Yes; it is perfectly true. They obstinately insisted on our multiplying the facilities for escape in case of fire, although we had made every reasonable and necessary provision for such a contingency. We had to spend £15,000 before we could open, as a result of their action. There is talk of starting another rink. I hope the promoters realise the difficulties they will have to encounter."

"You are not afraid of opposition?"

"Oh! no. We have our *clientèle*, and mean to keep them. Besides, ice manufacture by any other patent than ours, of which we have the exclusive right, would be very much more expensive."

"And how do you make the ice?"

"The process is very simple. First we manufacture brine in the ordinary chemical way. After being treated with ammonia, it is carried into large tubes, and so lowered in temperature as to congeal the water brought into contact with it. That is the method in a nutshell."

After assuring me that ice so made is in every respect identical with that turned out from Nature's workshop, Mr. Fishburn carried me off to the machine-rooms, where his brother, a clever young engineer, explained the process of manufacture in scientific detail. Subsequently adjourning to the sumptuously furnished restaurant, I was persuaded to test the excellence of the *cuisine*—which is under the management of the celebrated Bertini—by partaking of a repast that would have brought joy to the heart of Brillat-Savarin himself.



F. C. MITCHELL (EXETER).

W. E. HARRISON (ORIEL).

OXFORD UNIVERSITY SKATERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.

"LITTLE FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

A RECOLLECTION BY MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

Did you ever dream that you fell from sunny, bright, and inaccessible heights, down, down, down for days and days and days, into vast and deep and dark and unfathomable space? Well, that's the sort of fall I got when I heard that I was to play Marguerite—not to the poetical



MLLE. DERREUX AS MEPHISTO.

Photograph London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Faust of M. Hervé, but to the prosaic Faust of Mr. Maclagan, whose front name was Tom. If our Faust was awkward, what shall be said of our specially imported Mephisto, the beauteous Mlle. Marguerite Debrenx? Chic and shapely, full of brand-new bouffesisms, she brought the air of the boulevards with her, and came on tiny, tripping toes, armed with diabolical devices to break up all the women and capture all the men: with a perfect figure, no stays, and a *svelte* waist that waved and swayed with every movement: with manicured pink nails an inch long; with a voice that cracked and creaked like a rusty sign-board in half a gale of wind, and was never exactly there when wanted. But these vocal eccentricities were accompanied by such grace

of gesture and perfect insinuation that a little thing like singing C sharp for D natural was considered quite the finest art, and encored with acclamation. She was an immense success, and made us English girls just "sit up," and we felt very sick indeed. I had great fun one night. In the trio of the second act—sung by Marguerite, Mephisto, and Faust—a magnificent bunch of darkest damask roses fell at my feet—lovely for me! Of course, I picked them up—terrific applause, trio repeated. After we got off—fearful scene! "Ah, mon Dieu!" screamed Mephisto, jumping off both feet at once; "how dare you? They are mine—mine—the roses; give them to me!" "Oh, yours, are they?" said I; "all right, take them," and I threw the flowers at her. "Dis donc, Dick!" cried my fair Satanic friend, and flew off to the managerial *sanctum sanctorum* in quite the most sulphurous way.

We had Aynesley Cook for Valentine; fine artist, grand voice, always grumbling, except when engaged with the chorus or seeing if the skirts of the ballet hung quite right. There is no doubt that the young ladies had a most ameliorating effect on a somewhat erratic temperament, that was never so perfectly under control as when in the presence of Mrs. Aynesley Cook. Marius was Siebel. Thank goodness! I had some love-scenes with him, which consoled me somewhat for my elephantine Faust. I used to think him particularly fetching when singing "Where shall I take my Bride?" My part was really very satisfactory. I had an elopement in every act, and there were three.

Wagner was played by Miss Lennox Grey—just returned from India, with a mysterious brown Ayah and lots of spangled muslins and beetles and beads and cedar-wood boxes and attar of roses, and no end of airs and graces. Miss Grey was the daughter of the well-known Mrs. Caulfield, of the Haymarket Theatre, and sister to Mr. "Johnny" Caulfield, who, when I first knew him, was with Mr. Morton at the Oxford. Well, Miss Grey was a lovely woman, and, as "a boy," caused no end of a flutter in the front rows of the stalls. She was the first lady whistler I ever heard, and would have run Mrs. Shaw very closely indeed.

It was as the Street Arab in "Little Faust" that Miss Jennie Lee gave us a first taste of that peculiar quality which developed into the unapproachable glory of Jo. She was dressed in fluttering silken rags and carried a golden broom, with which she brushed the dust from the path of our magnificent Mephisto, and her "Copper, yer 'onour! Copper!" was one of the landmarks of the representation. I think, but am not quite sure, she turned a "flip-flap." Then the cabman. We had a real hansom and a real horse, driven by Mr. C. Wilmot, now of the Grand Theatre, Islington: in those days I used to regard him with much curiosity, for somebody told me he was "A man from New Zealand." Naturally this inspired a practised traveller, whose globe-trotting experiences extended to Margate on the one hand, and a little town in Hertfordshire on the other, with unspeakable awe. There was also a "tiger"; I forget who the gentleman belonged to. He was a real smart article—very tight in the belt, very shiny in the boots and hat; his small-clothes and "tops" were irreproachable, his collars and cuffs immaculate. The way he used to "shoot his linen" was irresistible, his *mez* was *redoutable*, and his "cheek"

superb—so was his figure. Miss Laura Morgan portrayed with much success the peculiarities of this distinctly up-to-date young person. And Martha—good old Martha—played by Mr. Odell with such an air, a long and lean and sighing and languishing air.

And Marguerite—well, she was a "girl of the period," you know, and wore all sorts of *outré* costumes. One was made of satin, striped, a short skirt, and so narrow you could scarcely walk. It had immense panniers; with this went a tiny hat, upon which sat upright a large squirrel with bright, shining eyes and a bushy tail. But the first dress was the traditional Gretchen of Goethe, and I much fancied myself in it. It is cut *à la Princesse*, and fits pretty snug. Mine was, as the Americans say, like the paper on the wall; and one evening I was smoothing myself with both hands to remove any possible wrinkle, when suddenly I felt a nice, soft, firm hand travelling, with gentle pressure, from the nape of the neck down—right down my back. The sensation gave me what is called "goose's flesh." "Very nice," murmured a soothing voice. I turned quickly, with a little shiver. The occasion was justified. I am afraid I was pleased when I found the "sensationer" was the author of "London Assurance."

But the girls—the school-girls. Faust kept a Board School; I think, by-the-bye, Camille Dubois was in the chorus. She afterwards married one of the sons of the then Earl of Harrington. Well, the girls—such girls!—every size and sort and shape and colour, plump and *petite*, and blonde and brunette, and cheeky and modest, and forward and retiring, and all and every one of them pretty—so pretty! You should have seen and heard the Schoolroom scene—such chatter, chatter, chatter! And what a high old time that arch impostor Faust had when we all went up to get "two slaps" for insubordination, telling "a funny story," &c.! All the girls wore short frocks and pinafores, tied at the shoulders with ribbons, and open-work socks and baby shoes with straps. There were two prize girls, 5 ft. 10 in.—such beauties!—and we had slates and pencils, and the girls would pick off Jack or Percy, or Bert or Reggie, in the stalls, and made some really most original studies—well, perhaps not quite for exhibition.

Leonide Leblanc was in London that season, and would often come and stand in the prompt entrance. The first time I saw her she wore a lovely black lace evening-dress over lavender silk, and such diamonds! Amy Sheridan, too, used to come—Captain Harry Larkin was interested in the show, and also a little in her, I think. Poor fellow! he went to the Franco-German War, got wounded, and came back lame. One day, to my astonishment, he turned up at my house in Wood Green. We had a long and rather sad talk. He had fallen on evil days. Afterwards he went to San Francisco, and stupidly took Mrs. Maybridge on a little country excursion, which seemed to irritate Mr. M., for that celebrated scenic photographer struck the trail, and shot the gallant—Major, by this time, I think—"on sight," and the soft winds of the Sierras are his perpetual requiem.



MISS LENNOX GREY.

Photograph by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

UNIVERSITY SKATERS.

Oxford is proud of the successes of F. C. Mitchell (Exeter) and W. E. Harrison (Oriel), who this season succeeded in gaining the Gold Medal, the blue riband of the National Skating Association, Mitchell completing the distance on Portland racers in 3 min. 28 2-5 sec., and Harrison, on Fen runners, in 3 min. 28 4-5 sec. Mitchell also won the University Championship, and followed it up by carrying off the Inter-Varsity Mile at Blenheim in the splendid time of 3 min. 24 4-5 sec., Harrison being second to him with the excellent record of 3 min. 29 4-5 sec. Hitherto, the Fen country has been productive of the speediest skaters in the country, but this, probably, is accounted for by the fact that, unless the winter is excessively severe, men in other parts have few opportunities of practising. What this means is shown in the case of these gentlemen above mentioned. In his initial effort, in an Open Mile on Portmeadow, Harrison succeeded in getting home only in 4 min. 21 2-5 sec., so that he improved nearly a minute by the end of the frost; while Mitchell, from 3 min. 54 1-5 sec., got down a matter of half a minute. Neither of them had attempted speed-skating until the recent frost, although Mitchell is a frequent visitor to St. Moritz.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.—W. L. WINDUS.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. JOHN BIBBY, OF ST. ASAPH.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Academy begins to loom in the near future, and whispers begin to circulate of some pictures which are destined by the magnates of that august body to hang on the walls of Burlington House. Sir Frederic Leighton, according to one authoritative and flamboyant account, will exhibit quite an unusual number of pictures, some description of which, as recorded in and corrected from that account, may be of particular interest. We are told that the first is a life-size head of a very beautiful maiden, "seen in profile to our left, looking slightly upwards with an earnest, almost brooding expression, and distinguished by the sumptuousness of the pure and noble features." The sumptuousness of a noble feature is so striking and novel a spectacle that we will not undertake to explain or even guess its meaning until we have seen the picture and judged for ourselves.

This picture is unnamed. The writer of the description says, of a second canvas by the same artist, that it is "also as yet anonymous," which may mean that, hitherto, the painting may or may not have been the work of the President. This is the portrait of an "English girl, with golden hair flowing over her shoulders." We will not paraphrase the description which follows: "The dress is white, with a sub-tint of rose colour. The girl is sedulously looking down upon a book, bound in dark red. The charm of the picture lies in the intensity of the expression and the fine colour"—sub-tints and otherwise, we suppose.

We may condense this ardent young writer's description of Sir Frederic's third picture. Its title is "Lacrime," and "may be taken as a type of stately grief." It is, in fact, a Greek maiden surrounded by divers emblems of death and decay, of the straitly conventional kind—the funeral urn, the ivy, and the withered wreath. But we cannot refrain from this same writer's description of the background, "which may be taken as a type of stately awkwardness." That background, "to be in keeping with the sentiment of the figure and its coloration, comprises a large group of the ruddy stems of tall cypresses, between the gloomy foliage of which is seen the mournful glare of sunset." Sunset's mournful glare is worthy of Calverley.

We are quite sure that Sir Frederic's fourth picture is noble and touching, but, from this writer's description, we should say that it was the imaginary portrait of a poor, mad Greek lady. She wears "a yellowish-saffron or amber-coloured dress," and is "seated upon a large chair

covered with grey skins, over the back of which she has cast her finely formed and rounded arm, while she rests in stately ease." Now mark the symptoms: "Her dignified face, turned over her shoulder to the front, is fully seen; her eyes look intensely forward, austere, as if she hardly thought of the present time or place, or noticed anything around her." Poor thing! The description reminded us irresistibly of those exquisitely silly lines of Southey—

She never complains, but
her silence implies
The composure of settled
distress.

And now away with sorrow, as we approach the President's fifth new picture, "Flaming Summer"; for this (also a "life-size maiden in a Greek dress") "contrasts with the designs of the sorrowing and day-dreaming damsels we have described." Let us continue in the phrase of the same writer, whose words would make any that we could suggest seem beggarly and mean. "It depicts," then, "with unusual force and grace, a lady reposing, and, so to say, coiled up upon herself"—the italics are ours: poor Sir Frederic!—"and thus, her loose robes adjusting themselves to her contours, filling nearly the whole of a large low bench of white marble." The head of the self-coiled-up lady has, it seems, "fallen upon her breast," and her "arms"—mark the word! not hands—her "arms are folded in her lap." She must be a most extraordinary lady, with the strangest capacity for pose, since she not only coils herself up upon herself, and tumbles her head upon her breast, but combines these amazing feats with the distinction of folding her arms in her lap. No wonder that we are told later on that this picture is "one of the most original of the President's works!"

But even this does not finish our acquaintance with "Flaming Summer." The "sumptuous figure is foreshortened from the feet, and her face, somewhat flushed in sleep, is half-enclosed by the pale rosy orange, semi-diaphanous tissue"—Golly! what a tissue! in Mr. Stevenson's phrase—"of which her dress is formed." A black mantle, "an indispensable element in the chromatic scheme," lies near her; "and the chiton of pure red on which she lies is equally valuable." There is another description of background, but not flamboyant enough to justify quotation.

Of course, like everybody else with taste and a feeling for art, we take Sir Frederic Leighton's work seriously; but such descriptions as these are not calculated to do any artist any good. And, lest it be said that we have satirised a nameless—and, therefore, defenceless—scribbler, we may say frankly that the whole description, so far as our quotations have gone, was recently printed in the *Athenaeum*. We refrain from quoting Mr. Stevenson again, although the immortal phrase which we have applied above to tissue was actually used by John Finsbury in criticism of this particular paper.

The action now pending between Sir William Eden and Mr. Whistler has, at least, this one definite ending, that there is now no portrait extant of Lady Eden painted by Mr. Whistler, for the simple reason that the artist has painted it out. The rights of the case are, of course, in the hands of the French Courts; still, it is worth while noting the correction made by Mr. Whistler of the accounts published in the daily papers. It had been said, in certain quarters, that Mr. Whistler had made a double deal, in not only pocketing the "baronet's valentine," but also "retaining the picture." As a matter of fact, it appears that, as soon as he became aware that the one hundred pounds forwarded to him by Sir William Eden was intended for full payment, Mr. Whistler returned the cheque



AT THE WINGS.—CHARLES PROSPER SAINTON.



THE TIGHT-ROPE DANCER.—JAMES TISSOT.
Exhibited at the Hanover Gallery.

through his solicitors to the baronet. The fact should be noted, for it has considerable influence upon the case.

Three Gainsboroughs have recently been sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods at interesting prices—pictures the titles alone of which make one envious of the lucky possessors. One, a "Portrait of the Artist in a Blue Coat," went for £378; a "Group of Three Children and a Donkey under a Tree," for £609; and a companion to this, a "Landscape with four Children and a Donkey," for £441.

Mr. David Wilkie Rainbach, one of the sons of the well-known engraver of that ilk, the godson of Wilkie, who studied partly under his father, partly under the direction of the Royal Academy, is just dead. Mr. Rainbach was well known and widely respected as a serious and conscientious student and a careful exponent of his art. It is more than fifty years ago since he began to exhibit his work—portraits, and other paintings—at the old Academy in Trafalgar Square, and at Suffolk Street. He was also, for a long time, connected with, first, the School of Design, and, afterwards, the Department of Art, which succeeded it.

A few Old Masters at Messrs. Lawrie and Co.'s Gallery in Bond Street are well worth the attention—the phrase is, perhaps, too cold—of any casual visitor. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Franz Hals are not to be seen at their best every day of the year; and there are, at least, one

Reynolds, one Gainsborough, and one Hals of really great and important consequence. The Hals is particularly grand—a portrait of Michael de Waal. It is full of that artist's greatest qualities—his strength, his extraordinary power of modelling, and his massive sentiment. There are other paintings here well worth a visit, but none better worth than this. Amid the crowd of impressionistic work of the day, it is fortunate that one is able now and again to see the masterpieces of an olden time.



RETURNING FROM THE HAY-FIELD.—W. M. WARNEUKE.



WEARY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH ROBINSON, REDHILL.



CORNUCOPIA BEARERS AT "THE ORIENT."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



JONES (to Brown, who has been to a ball at Robinson's): "Many women there?"
 BROWN: "No; only their mothers."



A NEW WOMAN.



MONARCHS OF "THE ORIENT."



"I love you, Marian!"



Leslie
Wilson

"How dare you, Sir!"

AMONG THE ROSES.

Miranda crossed the bridge and struck into the little copse.

"There is no Love," said she, and sighed. "Oh, for my garden!" she exclaimed wearily. "There is no such thing as Love. There are only the flowers, and the spring, and the sunshine."

The thicket was close-set with trees; the way was rough and thorny.

"I will break through!" cried Miranda angrily, and tore the briars viciously from her gown. As she was bent thus lowly, and ere she raised her head, she was aware of someone standing by. A little shadow of fear sailed across her heart. She started, and looking up met the eyes of a young man.

Miranda looked down: her heart throbbed fast; the fragrance of the sweet-briar stole through her senses. Miranda looked up: the sunlight flashed and sparkled on the green thicket.

"Pray give me leave," said the stranger, and dropped upon his knees.

Miranda's bosom rose and fell as he disentangled her frock from the thorns.

"I thank you, Sir," she said timidly, when he was got upon his feet again.

He laughed, and looked at her with smiling eyes. Their glances met, and both fell on the instant. In the silence upon that the stream wimpled loud behind them. Miranda took her gown in hand and moved gently away. The young man raised his face and watched her go. She reached a little bend in the pathway, and he stirred.

"I pray you," he called, "pardon my interruption, but the brake is grown thick and the passage narrow. You were better upon the roadway."

"I have no fears," said she, "and the road is adust and dreary."

She vanished round the point. He sped after her to the corner.

"I pray you," he called, "forgive my foolish importunity, but the hill beyond is steep and crowned with thorns."

"I have climbed it often, and daffodils grow upon the slopes."

He bit his finger meditatively as he watched her. Suddenly—

"Let me help you, then," he cried.

"Help?" she echoed, and hesitated.

He pushed aside the branches of the nut-tree. "See," he said, "they would close against a girlish arm. They are in a sworn conspiracy against maidens. Only the strong hand of the woodman bends them to his will."

"Are you a woodman?" she asked demurely.

He shook his head, laughing. "Nay, but I have learned a trick to teach the surly louts civility." A branch leapt forth and struck him on the cheek. A stain of red sprang up to meet it.

"Oh!" cried Miranda, in distress.

"'Tis spite—they rankle," said he, with a merry smile; "see how they would entreat you. But they shall know their master, and bow to a lady." He swept them back with a movement of his long arm.

"Pass, pass," he said; "they eringe, and dare not."

Miranda looked, and bent her head. "'Tis closer than I had thought," she murmured, as she disappeared beneath the archway of his arms.

He followed, and she turned to him in despair.

"I was a little, wanton fool," she said plaintively. "How is it possible to pierce this thicket?"

With a laugh he threw himself against the brushwood, and a passage slowly opened.

"I thank you, Sir. You are too kind to a wilful maid."

"'Tis worse and worse," he said, surveying the tangle breathlessly. "But the hill-slopes lie beyond. Come." He took her hand. Miranda breathed hard. She fluttered after him beneath the coppice.

"My hair!" she cried suddenly, in a sharp note of pain.

He stopped in a moment and begged a thousand pardons. A brown tress glimmered in the clutch of an alder. He put up his hand and pulled.

"I pray you, Sir, be gentle," she murmured distressfully.

He invoked a thousand murrains on himself. "I must come closer."

"I think," she murmured, "that I myself"—she shrank from him and gave her head a shake, stopping with a little gasp.

"I fear 'tis too secure," said he, and drew gently nearer.

He peered into the tangle; his breath moved in her hair; his fingers were entwined in the brown tresses. Miranda's heart beat quickly. With a deft twist of his hand she was free.

"I thank you, Sir," again quoth she. She sped along the pathway into the open, where the track ran lazily up the slope.

"I thank you," she repeated, and put out her hand, with a bow. He took it, bowing in answer, and his face fell.

"But there is the hill," he said dolefully. "I may not leave you yet."

"An excellent hill to climb upon a soft morning. Good-bye."

"'Tis a rough way," he said sadly.

"'Tis true," she murmured, "there is the quarry."

He climbed towards her. "I will see you past it," he said firmly.

Miranda answered nothing, but went slowly onwards. He leapt above her, and, leaning back, gave her his hand. "There is a huge boulder here," he explained. He pulled her over the obstruction.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "the gorse! We had forgot also the gorse."

She surveyed the gorse with dismay. The bushes rose waist-high. "How stupid!" said Miranda pettishly. "They should have been cut down."

"There's never a path runs through them," he said triumphantly.

"We must go back," said Miranda with a sigh.

"I must carry you through the gorse!" he exclaimed, with ill-repressed exultation.

Miranda flushed. "Indeed, I can walk," said she coldly. She took

a step into the midst, and the thorns pierced her ankles. Miranda kept her lips close, and took another step. The thorns crept higher.

"Oh!" cried Miranda in the dismay of pain.

"Let me have your arm," he said, "and we shall help each other."

"No, no," said Miranda dolefully; "it hurts, it hurts! I will go back."

"You cannot," said he.

Miranda frowned. "I will sit down."

"You dare not," said he joyfully.

Miranda's head sank; the tears came into her eyes.

"Lean upon me," he whispered.

Miranda leant. He put his arms beneath her, and, disengaging the thorns from her skirt, lifted her from her feet.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "How dare you!"

"Hush," he whispered; "'twill be over soon. Shut your eyes and hold your breath, so shall you never set eyes upon my horrid face. 'Tis but a horse, an ass, an elephant that carries you over a difficult crossing."

Miranda said not a word. He jogged heavily along amid the gorse. He stumbled. Miranda clutched his shoulder tightly. He stopped and bent over her.

"Put me down!" she said imperiously, shutting her eyes.

He set her down. Miranda smoothed her gown. She turned her pink face from him.

"I am much in your debt, Sir," she said; "and now I will wish you good-day."

"There is yet the quarry," he objected.

Miranda winced. He walked by her side, and in silence they clambered into the quarry and out upon the further side. In silence they reached the garden. Miranda turned and thrust out her hand for the third time. His eyes were fastened upon her throat.

"And now," says she primly, "'tis really good-day. I do not know how I may repay you for your goodness. But——"

"With a rose," he stammered.

Miranda glanced demurely around.

"There is none by," she answered.

"'Tis at your throat," he said, "if I may make so bold——"

"Oh, if you will," said she with indifference.

She plucked it from her neck and held it forth. He stuck it in the lapel of his coat. She opened the little gate and entered the garden. The first turning of the pathway hid the stranger from her view. She lingered and stooped over a rose-bush. A flood of new fragrance rushed through her senses. Something sang in her blood. Miranda started, and the young man stood before her.

"I crave your indulgence," he stammered, "but I have forgot the hour, and it is now late, and I must needs be thinking of my destination."

Miranda crossed to the sun-dial on the lawn.

"'Tis only noon," she said. "'Tis very late," she added quickly.

"Ah, noon," he responded; "yes, noon, of course. How foolish!" and walked back slowly towards the gate.

Miranda bent over the roses, and the perfume filled her with an ecstasy till now unknown. The garden was ringing with song, and her body thrilled with a passionate sympathy till now unfelt. Again at her heart a loud noise sounded, and again she started.

"'Tis very stupid in me," laughed the stranger, in embarrassment. "My wits have wandered. But is it Tuesday or surely Wednesday to-day?"

Miranda reflected. "'Twas Monday yesterday," she answered thoughtfully.

"Ah, then," said he sagely, "'tis Tuesday to-day, and 'twill be Wednesday to-morrow." He moved away again reluctantly.

"If you said noon," he said, "I could reach the Vale ere one?"

"Why, yes," she answered, "if you should start at once."

"'Tis time, indeed, to go," said he absently.

"'Tis certainly time," said Miranda.

There was a long silence. Miranda sighed, and turning, moved slowly up the pathway. At the distance of ten steps she stopped and glanced down at her shoe. The latchet trailed upon the ground, and, with a pout, she bent to lace it up. But the young man was before her, and, kneeling upon the ground, looked up in her face.

"'Tis my last privilege ere I go," he pleaded.

Miranda looked away, but, for all she saw, the garden was a desert. It seemed he was a long time at her shoes, but the garden was so large and beautiful that she had forgot the minutes. And all the time her heart was thumping in her side, and the door was creaking on its latch.

He rose and stood before her. "The Vale," said he, "is far distant."

"'Tis very far," she answered gently.

"And the sun is past noon," he continued.

"'Tis late," she assented.

"'Twere better I should wait and take refreshment ere I go," said he.

"No doubt, 'twere wiser," she murmured, looking down.

"I shall be very lonely," said he.

"'Tis lonely to be alone," she whispered.

He put out his arm. She stared at the roses. How they blew!

"I were not alone with Love," he said in low tones.

"With Love!" she murmured to the roses.

The clouds drifted from the face of the sun, and the light streamed down upon them. Larks sprang warbling to Heaven. The garden awoke into light and music. In the pause something drew Miranda's eyes to his face; his eyes were deep in dew. Miranda felt her own grow misty. A surge of tears rose up from her heart; the swing-gates of her soul flew open, and through the portals, ere she was aware, there passed swiftly—Something—Something—she knew not what.

She gave a little sob. The young man put his arms about her.

J. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

A VISIT TO THE NEW GIRAFFE.

At last the Zoo has got a giraffe, and it is a particularly good one, tall and handsome; its coat is much darker than any they have ever had before, and the dark markings are great brown-black squares, which give a very rich effect. This beast comes from Southern Africa, while those which have been brought over in former years have all come from Northern Africa. It arrived at Southampton on Feb. 23, and, as soon as the Society had come to terms, the giraffe had to begin what must have been the most trying part of its long journey. The box that had been its home on board ship was twelve or more feet high, and this, when on a truck on the rails, was found to be too high to pass under the bridges. Someone suggested that they should lay the box down lengthways, but it was pointed out that the giraffe might not care for the arrangement, so, finally, the box had to be cut down in height, and the poor beast made to bend down its long neck. Thus doubled up, it was brought safely by the South-Western Railway. I first saw it, and the man who captured it, last Wednesday morning. There it stood, tall and erect, gazing down with superciliously curling lip on thirteen artists, who were all making likenesses, more or less unlike, of its magnificent form. Mr. Windhorn, the Cape farmer who had caught it, was taking a last look at his pet; and from him I heard how, on a very speedy horse, he had galloped up to a herd, and had thrown his lasso over it and safely secured it. It very soon began to eat, and gradually got tamed sufficiently to allow of its being led down country, and began the journey ending at Regent's Park, London.

It seems in good health, eats freely, has no cough or outward sign of having got any serious chill, which is really remarkable when one remembers the warmth of its own climate and the present cold weather. Time alone will show if it is really sound. One wise man remarked that there might be safety for its delicate lungs in the fact that, however cold the air it was breathing, the length of its neck would ensure the air having the chill taken off before it could get into its lungs! The Society is to be congratulated on its spirited policy in acquiring this rare animal, as the owner made no secret that, if he could not get his price—a pretty high one—he would at once take the giraffe to the Continent, where he knew it would be bought immediately. Mr. Windhorn said he quite believed that it would get darker each time it changed its coat; I understood him to say that sometimes they get nearly as dark as the spots all over their body. We listened politely, but are disposed to think the



THE GIRAFFE AND HIS CAPTOR, MR. WINDHORN.

exact opposite will happen, and that, in the highly artificial life it is leading, it will, like most other giraffes in confinement, get paler and paler. All who are interested in seeing a giraffe in really handsome condition are advised to lose no time in visiting this the latest distinguished arrival.

CHARLES WHYMPER.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

MRS. ROSS, OF THE "SOCIAL REVIEW," DUBLIN.

Although women have been coming to the front as "editors" of all "sorts and conditions" of literature, and proving their business capabilities in connection with journalism, Ireland, forward as she is in her race of learned daughters, has only within the last twelve months found one resident gentlewoman brave enough to take the editorial



Photo by J. Robinson and Son, Dublin.

MRS. ROSS.

chair. For some months past Mrs. Ross has had sole charge of the editorial department of the *Social Review*, a growing weekly Dublin journal, which during its existence has advanced by leaps and bounds in public favour, and has, in consequence, been considerably enlarged—a sound acknowledgment of journalistic ability. From a purely business point of view the increase of advertisements and circulation is pleasant, and disproves the charge that women do not possess the business aptitudes requisite for the successful guidance of a newspaper. Truly Mrs. Ross has achieved a triumph, and she is to be congratulated both for the manner in which she conducts this high-class family and society journal, and her pluck in coming so firmly forward as the leader of what was sneered at as a forlorn hope. Some three years ago a sudden bereavement left Mrs. Ross to fight the battle of life alone, but, happily for her, her little daughter supplied the necessary incentive to work, and though naturally shy of publicity, it is to her credit that, when the call came, her personal inclinations were conquered. She brought a sound university education, combined with no ordinary amount of talent and tact, to bear on an occupation entirely new to her, and she has succeeded. As a worker, Mrs. Ross upholds the vexed question of the day, Woman's Rights, but only in its highest and truest sense. Long may she have the courage of her opinion, and stand high above the slangy and aggressive travesty of what we once worshipped as woman. J. E. A.

SLUMBER SONG.

Silently, tenderly, stilly night,
Clothe her with quiet sleep;
Pale stars, marking the daylight's flight,
Watch o'er my loved one keep.
Croon to her slumber songs, Dove of Peace,
Nesting with folded wings,
Tell her of poppies and murrain bees,
Whisper of sleepsome things.
Sing to her, sigh to her, lisp'ing leaves,
Lullabies soft and slow;
Mingle your music, O rustling sheaves,
Fitful and faint and low.
Cradle her softly until the morn
In at her lattice peeps;
Hushed be all voices until day-dawn—
Hush! for my darling sleeps.

L. M.

THE SLADE SCHOOL REVISITED.

Time was when men and women students at the Slade School worked side by side from the "all together," as "Trilby" has it. This mixed class was not, as such classes are at Colarossi's and other French academies, the



FROM THE ANTIQUE.

result of deliberate design, but of accident—the accident that the men students for a time outnumbered the women. The two life-schools—one on the first floor, the other in the basement—were used alternately by the men and women, and when the men had their turn of the upper chamber they overflowed to the nether region and worked with the women. The model was invariably a man, and his costume for these occasions was somewhat less Arcadian than that usually worn for an *académie*. To-day there is no mixed class. At the Slade School, as at most art schools open to both sexes, the women students are in the majority. The actual proportion of women now studying at the Slade is as three to one. But, though there is room and to spare in the basement, to which the minority of men have been relegated, the superfluous woman is not allowed to overflow from her own domain on the first floor to these lower regions, but is accommodated by the expedient of a certain number only being allowed to attend every day, the others coming on alternate days. This plan seems to Professor Brown preferable to that of men and women studying together.

A door in the Professor's private room opens on to a balcony which overlooks the men's life-class. That door suggested questions, but these remained unasked, for discretion forbade. It may be as decorous and quiet and orderly down there as it is in the women's life-class upstairs.

Possibly—probably, indeed, for youth is youth all the world over—the pursuit of art is sometimes enlivened with *brimades* and escapades akin to those which brighten art-student life in Paris. Of such our Stevenson and Maurier have told us.

But the door, out of deference to our sex, remained closed; and whatever signs of *diablerie* might lurk behind it, whatever scenes might be viewed from that balcony, they are surely outbalanced by the decorum that reigned in the women's life-school when we visited it with the Professor as guide. It is a large room, with ample light from the north. But for the demureness and the notable absence of the accumulated dust of many days, that the French seem to regard as essential to art studies, we might have been in a Paris *académie*—one of Julian's, or that of Delécluse, or Colarossi. The students, girls of all ages, from thirteen or fourteen to—well, to the time when age becomes shrouded in mystery, sat or stood in half-circles in front of their easels, their dresses protected from the chalk or paint which they were using by blouses, workmanlike overalls of brown-holland some of these, others coquettish and dainty pinafores of rose-pink or blue. The model, long-limbed, muscular, swarthy, in a crouching pose, which it made one ache to look at, occupied a platform opposite the window. All were silent, all busy—all evidently intent on securing the contour, the swing of the figure, in a clear, firm outline. There was none of the stumping and smudging and smearing, no elaborate covering of surfaces, no stippling of muscles, or any other of the time-honoured modes of "shading" or devices for wasting the student's or the model's precious hours. The present Slade Professor has a little theory on which he is apt to insist—that his students should learn to draw before they attempt to elaborate, that the early time of training should be spent in producing many studies rather than a few highly finished drawings. Finish will, he thinks, increase with the student's power of drawing.

As in the Paris art schools, so at the Slade School, the students are wisely left to a great extent to grope their way towards their own methods, with hints and corrections from the Slade Professor, from the Assistant Professor, Mr. H. Tonks, and from Mr. Wilson Steer, who visits the school once a week as critic. Both Mr. Tonks and Mr. Steer are colleagues of Mr. Fred Brown in the New English Art Club, and, being in sympathy with his views on art and on art education, ably second his efforts.

The same absence of messy methods of elaboration, the same attempt of the students to gain command over their tools that we had noted in the life-school, we saw again in the antique-room which adjoins the women's life-room. There, by the way, Professor Brown's ideas of separate classes for men and women have to give way before space limit, and men and women work side by side from the casts of gods and goddesses which stand out white against the Indian-red walls of the room. In one part of the antique-room some of the less-advanced students were at work drawing from busts of the Renaissance, these casts having been introduced for the special use of the younger students, as being less difficult to comprehend than Greek statues, which embody a general idea.

Adjoining the antique-room is a smaller room, where a costume-model poses three days a week. On other days the room is used for a supplementary life-class for women students. In the modelling class, which is held in a room on the ground floor, and where again men and women work together, strong and excellent work seems to be done, to judge by the wet-clay models which we saw on the pedestals. The Professor of Sculpture is Mr. George Frampton, the recently made



THE WOMEN'S LIFE-SCHOOL.

Associate, whose election was as much a triumph for the New School as the appointment of Mr. Fred Brown to the Slade Professorship. The etching-class, organised by Professor Legros, himself a masterly etcher, seems to have gone under for a time; but methods of illustration have the attention that is due to them in a school where most of the students will have to earn a living by their art—where some, indeed, already combine work as illustrators with further study. During the first two terms of the

To come to trivialities—and trivialities are apt to be pleasant and picturesque at an art-school—it is to the Tufton Street students that that delightful institution the tea-bar owes its existence. There are certain hours of the day when the beauty of the divine human form—yea, even that of the Greek gods and goddesses—ceases to satisfy. Then the model rests. The gods and goddesses are deserted, and there is an exodus from Olympus in quest of libations. Only a few fare forth to lunch beyond

the college gates. Most of the students prefer the tea-bar in Hades—a picturesque Hades, near the site of a spot known to the early generation of Professor Legros' students as the Beetles' Home. The tea-bar, which is also a coffee- and cocoa- and bovril-bar, is besieged during the lunch-hour and afternoon. Cups and mugs, no two of the same pattern, are unhooked from the rack adjoining the bar. Spoons, regarded as luxuries where a pencil will serve, are produced by the sybarites, and homely decoctions are brewed with the aid of the hot water served by the Hebe behind the bar, each student taking her turn to act as barmaid. Few remain in Hades longer than is necessary. Bearing with care her libations along the corridor and up the stairs, each woman worshipper of the beautiful wends her way aloft back to Olympus. For a while decorum is banished. The cold stone stairs become a golden staircase. There are pretty confidences and laughter and chatter, and much munching of biscuits and buns, the product of a neighbouring baker, as the students sit about in groups on upturned boxes, on the stairs, at the feet of the gods and goddesses—anywhere and everywhere. As in Edinburgh of old philosophy and literature were oft-times cultivated on a modicum of oatmeal, so in Bloomsbury art is nourished

on bovril and buns, and, for the time being, Gower Street becomes as that happy country Studio-land of the Latin Quarter.

It was when we descended to these lower regions, to the former site of the Beetles' Home, that the old Slade student most persistently harked back to other days. For most of us our school-days are happy only in memory. Evidently the artists' student days are days that always are happy, and seem ever happier as the years increase that separate them from the present. The old Slade student, when she attended the school in the early days of Professor Legros, thought that she would never spend a happier time. She declares that, if walls could speak, those of the lower part of the building would be interesting subjects for interviews, that the old rooms must still retain echoes of the merry laughter that rang through them during the festive hour of lunch. That



SLADE SCHOOL SCULPTORS.

present session, Mr. Joseph Pennell will lecture on methods of illustration. The instruction in anatomy, which the Paris art-student has to seek on Sundays at the Medical School, is provided at the Slade, though as an extra, by the Professor of Anatomy in University College. This year Professor Thane is giving a course of about twenty lectures, treating his subject with special reference to the requirements of Fine-Art students, and illustrating by demonstrations on the living model. These and other lectures are given in the school lecture-room adjoining the sculpture-room. In the same room the students assemble once a month to hear the judgment pronounced on the work of the Sketch Club, the drawings being hung on the wall opposite the benches, so that the Professor may point out their merits and their faults—"generally faults," one of the students confided, as we talked together of the Slade School, and she whispered of scathing criticism meted out to those who attempt to cover slovenly work by daring originality. But she smiled, as if she preferred Professor Brown's severity to the praise of any other teacher in London or out of it. And they are all alike in this, these Slade students, men as well as women. They seem to regard their Professor's judgment as infallible, possibly because they are convinced that no real effort will be unappreciated by him, no sign of carelessness, imitation, artificiality will go undiscovered and undenounced. Professor Brown seems always to have had the enthusiastic allegiance of his students. So much was this the case at Tufton Street that when, little more than a year ago, their teacher was appointed Slade Professor, his students arose almost in a body and followed him. Ninety-two strong they went, leaving only a small body of students to hand on the traditions of the Architectural Museum to new-comers. The spirit of earnest work that marks the Slade School of to-day is perhaps due in great measure to these Tufton Street disciples, for most of them were drawn not from the idle and leisured class, but from those to whom art means daily bread.



AFTERNOON TEA.

"Beetles' Home" could tell many a tale of girlish confidences concerning flirtations, many innocent; of secret councils held on the merits or lack of merit of each new-comer, in days when to be a new-comer was in itself a crime, when many who afterwards became most popular acquisitions to the school had to pass a veritable quarantine before they were admitted to the inner circle of the councillors. There were many inner circles, each with its somewhat exclusive social interests, though in work-hours the circles overlapped and intermingled pleasantly enough. A certain set, which included some of the prettiest girls in the school, was bitten with the craze for æsthetic dress, then a new fashion, and their taste ran riot among peacock-blues and sage-greens, peacock-feathers and poke-bonnets, flowing cloaks and bead necklaces. A leather-bound tailor-made which we saw beneath the blouse of a student of to-day must make the ghosts of these æsthetes shudder. Many of the students of that time, a period when traditions of Professor Poynter still lingered, have since become famous. Among the men and boys who showed most promise were Jacob Hood, Philip Norman, Charles Furze, Harry Tuke, Chevallier Taylor, William Strang, T. C. Gotch, and Everard Hopkins. Some of the girl-students, many of whom have achieved success in art—one in literature—were Miss Huxley (the late Mrs. John Collier), Miss F. Mabel Robinson, Miss McCausland, Mrs. Gotch, Miss Hughes, daughter of Arthur Hughes, the artist, Miss Evelyn Pickering, who had just won her first laurels at the Dudley Gallery, Miss Charlotte McCausland, Miss Bertha Newcombe, and Miss Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. M. Stanley), the acknowledged belle of the Slade School during her student days.

In those days the Slade students were housed with less dignity and state than they are now. A porter yeelped "Encry," and a certain Mrs. Bowers, whose name and eighty summers lent an Arcadian air to the cloak-room and the Beetles' Home, are among the institutions of the Slade School that have vanished with the æsthetes.

As for the teaching, my chronicler's recollections of that do not seem to be altogether jocund. "Professor Legros inspired us with great awe," she confesses; "while Mr. Slinger, the Assistant Professor, tyrannised over us in a kindly sarcastic fashion. The master who taught us in the antique had a part of the room screened off as a private studio, where he might pursue his art undisturbed and 'make a career' for himself. We young rebels, who had glimpses of the 'career' in process of manufacture, did not believe in it, and thought the existence of that screen was not justified by the results. As for Professor Legros, he seemed to some of us to insist too much on his own methods, and to show lack of sympathy with those who did not readily adopt his ideas. His achievement of painting a head in one hour and a half, as a demonstration lesson before the class, was interesting to watch, but I don't think it taught us much."

In spite of his somewhat autocratic methods, it must not be forgotten that the Slade School owes much to Professor Legros and his sturdy opposition to conventional methods. But Time and the changes which it brings did not spare even a Slade Professor, and when, in 1892, Professor Legros resigned, it was felt that, though he had done much for the school and for art education generally, the time had come for that work to be carried on by a younger man, one more in tune with the spirit of the age.

Artists and art students are evidently not partial to ancient history. When I sought information about the origin of the Slade School and its past, they shook their heads, and referred me to the Secretary of the College. From a pamphlet lent me by Mr. Horsburgh, whom I straightway interviewed in my zeal for data about these prehistoric times, I learnt how one, Felix Slade, dying on the 29th day of March, 1868, at the good old age of eighty, left the sum of forty-five thousand pounds to found Professorships of Art at Oxford and Cambridge and at University College, London. Oxford and Cambridge were content with Lectureships only. Oxford might well be content, for as its first Slade Professor it secured John Ruskin; but the authorities of University College decided to use their share of Mr. Slade's bequest, some ten thousand pounds, to endow a school for the practical training of art students. The new school was housed in the north wing of the college then being built. Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., was elected as the first Slade Professor, and on Oct. 9, 1871, the school was opened.

Twenty-three years is a long time, but not too long for many to remember the interest felt in the new experiment in art education which the good Felix Slade's bequest had made possible. In those days art schools were less numerous than they are now, when art spells itself with a capital and domiciles everywhere, when London, north and south and east and west, is honeycombed with little schools of art. Students of both sexes flocked to the new school, and over a hundred were in attendance at the morning and evening classes at the close of the first session. When, in 1876, Professor Poynter resigned the Slade Professorship to become the Superintendent of the Government Art Department and Art School at South Kensington, he left the Slade School on the high road to success. Under his successor, Professor Legros—who was first appointed Deputy, and afterwards, by triennial election, actual Professor—the popularity of the new school increased rapidly, and only when newer rivals began to spring up in the neighbourhood, offering tuition in art on lower terms than the Slade, did the number of students decrease. But it remained for the present Professor to make the Slade School more popular than it had been at any previous period of its career, and to win for it the prestige of being the one of all the London art schools the most representative of the new tendencies in art education, tendencies that find more or less articulate expression in the pages of the *Yellow Book*, and on the walls of the Dudley Gallery, at a New English Art Club Exhibition, commanding respect where they formerly found only ridicule.

ALICE STRONACH.

A REMINISCENCE OF "THE STANDARD."

I rubbed my eyes for a moment or two over what, at first sight, I took for an obituary notice of myself from the pen of my old friend, Mr. Escott, in your issue of the 20th inst. But, as my name seems only a peg on which to hang a tribute to the late proprietor's "independent far-sightedness" and the "extraordinary fitness" of the present conductor of that paper—which, with far less experience than Mr. Escott can boast of, I cordially endorse—I trust you will allow me to thank him for the flattering niche in the Gallery of Portraits which he has accorded me. "Nil nisi bonum de mortuis" is a good old precept, but a blunder. In Literary Vivisection it is up-to-date journalism.

But there are some inaccuracies in my old friend's details. The actual triumvirate which took my place was composed of Mr. James Johnstone junior, editor-in-chief; Mr. Burton Blyth, assistant editor; and Mr. Gorst, afterwards Sir John Gorst, political director. The gentleman who succeeded Mr. Morier Evans was Mr. Bowles, for many years Paris correspondent of the paper.

A family disagreement occurred, and the new arrangement, like the old one, terminated "very abruptly." The editor received his *congé*. Poor Mr. Blyth, finding himself transferred from the post of mentor to the son of the proprietor, to that of proof-reader to Mr. Mudford, brought an action for damages, and was defeated. Mr. Mudford, with true journalistic spirit, made short work of a condominium which practically reduced the conductor of a great political organ to a nonentity, and managed to dispense with Mr. Gorst's services.

On another point, Mr. Escott's modest reticence about himself does scanty justice to his loyalty to his old editor, with whom he migrated to Serjeant's Inn, and to whose paper he contributed from the day of its birth to that of its burial. I may say, with Grattan, that he "rocked its cradle and followed its hearse." Despite its "not too auspicious title," he wrote the introductory article enunciating its programme and defining its policy.

Shortly after the demise of the *Hour*, I received the following very complimentary and wholly unsolicited testimonial from my old friend. It is in somewhat marked contrast with the negative tint of the portrait in *The Sketch*. But Mr. Escott is, we all know, a journalist of repute. "Praise from Sir Hubert" is gratifying, if not useful. I append it, as furnishing a curious instance of the dual personality with which varying circumstances may endow a man—

1, South Street, Thurlow Square, S.W., Aug. 14, 1876.

DEAR MR. HAMBER,—As I understand that you are a candidate for the editorship of the *Morning Advertiser*, it has occurred to me that you may care to have the testimony of one who has worked under you and with you for nearly ten years as to your eminent qualifications for the post.

I hope, therefore, you will allow me to say that, in the course of a tolerably wide and varied experience in journalism, it has not been my good fortune to come across anyone from whose editorial hints, tact, and wisdom I have derived such advantage. I say this not without the memory of Mr. Douglas Cook of the *Saturday Review*, fresh from which paper I joined the staff of the *Standard*. In the *Standard* I suppose I wrote two thousand leading articles of one kind and another under you, and since the *Hour* was started scarcely a day has elapsed without my contributing a leading article to that paper. Our connection has thus been long and intimate, and, as a contributor, I have had opportunities which few can have had of discerning your editorial power. Moreover, as I myself have had some experience in the conduct of one daily and two weekly journals, I hope that my witness may at least have the recommendation of knowledge. Hoping that you will understand the motive which prompts me to write this letter, and not consider it an intrusion,—Believe me, faithfully yours,

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

CAPTAIN HAMBER.

Of the contributors to the *Standard* whom Mr. Escott names, all have passed away save two, Mr. Watts and Mr. Alfred Austin. When I recall them, and others who during my fourteen years' editorial work at the *Standard* fell out of the ranks, I feel somewhat inclined to say, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner—

The many men so beautiful, and they all dead did lie,
And a thousand thousand slimy things lived on, and so did I!

THOMAS HAMBER.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM SAVORY.

The almost universal illness that has made such gaps in nearly every grade of society has not spared the medical profession. The other day it was Mr. Hulke, of Old Burlington Street, President of the Royal College of Surgeons; and now a former President, that eminent surgeon Sir William Savory, has died, after a brief illness. During the last twenty years in which it has been my privilege to know Sir William, he hardly seemed to have altered in appearance, and one would have expected to have him among us for many a year to come. To look at those keen, clear-cut, classical features, and deep-set grey eyes, those who did not know the great surgeon might have supposed that his character was severe; but, though a born leader, he was the kindest of men, the most delightful of companions. Sir William, who married into the old Cumberland family of Borradaile, had long been a widower, and a few years ago his only son, who had lived with him when a curate at St. George's, Hanover Square, left him to take up his residence in the City on being appointed to the living of St. Bartholomew-the-Great. The new Baronet, Sir Borradaile Savory, who had earned golden opinions in the West-End, has become equally popular in the City, where his tall figure and clean-shaven face (somewhat like his eminent father's) are familiar to many besides the congregation of his fine old church.

F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Let us put it on record that for once, at least, the better team has won an inter-Varsity Association match. The struggle at Queen's Club between Oxford and Cambridge turned out to be a rather one-sided affair. Perhaps for a quarter of an hour the Cantabs looked like holding their own, but the pace they set for themselves was too hot, and



Photo by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

MR. E. V. GOSTLING.

while they continued to fall away the Oxford eleven continued to improve, and in the end won easily by three goals to love. On the whole, the game was not of such a high class as one might have expected. There were, however, individual players on either side whose performances cannot be overlooked. For Cambridge, L. V. Lodge, at full-back, played with a dash, a resource, and a finish that ought to secure him his International cap against Scotland—the highest honour that can fall to any footballer. On the other side, C. B. Fry, who returned to his old position at full-back, also played grandly, and it will not be at all surprising if he gets his International cap this season. As a pair, Fry and Lodge would be hard to beat. G. O. Smith has given many excellent displays during the past two seasons in his position at centre forward, and he also played a great game in the inter-Varsity match. He was awarded his cap against Scotland last season, and, on form, he deserves it again.

Mr. E. V. Gostling, the Cambridge University Association Football team captain, whose portrait is herewith presented, is twenty-two years old, weighs 12 st. 4½ lb., and stands 6 ft. 1½ in.—the typical physique for a goal-keeper! The Light Blue skipper began his career at Framlingham

School—he was born at Stowmarket, Suffolk—in September, 1885, continuing in the eleven till 1891, in which year he was appointed captain, signalling the event by helping his club to win the Suffolk Cup. Proceeding up to Caius College in the same season, Mr. Gostling obtained his Blue the following year, succeeding Mr. L. H. Gay, the brilliant International, in the important position of goal-keeper. Singularly enough, like Mr. Bliss, this giant athlete has only once been seriously hurt, displacing a cartilage in his knee, which prevented his appearing in last season's Varsity match, though he has also been laid up from a kick received in a local game. Mr. Gostling is, besides, a member of the Corinthians and the Casuals, and one of the most trustworthy custodians in amateur circles. Curiously enough, Mr. Gostling was again prevented from captaining his side owing to illness.

The only International Rugby match now to be played is that between Ireland and Wales for the possession of the wooden spoon. Wales are desperately anxious to avoid winning the wooden honour, and have selected a very strong fifteen to meet Ireland. The wearers of the green appear to have relinquished their position at the head of the nations without making a sufficient effort. In the match against Scotland at Edinburgh, no fewer than seven of the team originally chosen for Ireland failed to put in an appearance. The absence of two or three of the men was, no doubt, unavoidable through injury and illness, but I have a strong impression that one or two of the others had no desire to be on the losing side, and therefore they did not make the journey. Even with their skeleton team, however, Ireland made a very fair fight against the Scots, and were only defeated by a couple of points to nil. In the forthcoming match between Wales and Ireland, I rather expect a victory for the Principality.

GOLF.

I had a walk over the Furzedown Golf Links, at Tooting Bec, the other day, and found the course in beautiful condition, thanks to the careful attention of Peter Paxton, who has succeeded Tom Dunn. It is over this course that the Parliamentary Golf championship is about to be played. Last year, it may be remembered, the Hon. A. J. Balfour defeated all comers, with a fairly liberal allowance. This season, Mr. Balfour has been pulled back considerably, and has now only a very small start from such excellent players as Messrs. Penn and Foster, who are at scratch. I understand that the club can do with a few more members; and I can safely say that, so far as club-accommodation is concerned, together with the course extending over a hundred acres, there is nothing to approach the Tooting Bec club within hail of the Metropolis.

The Cambridge University Golfers play a strong team of the Tooting Bec club over the Furzedown course next Saturday. There will be ten couples aside, and the idea is to give the Light Blues a thorough test-match, in view of the inter-University contest, which takes place shortly over the links at Sandwich.

OLYMPIAN.



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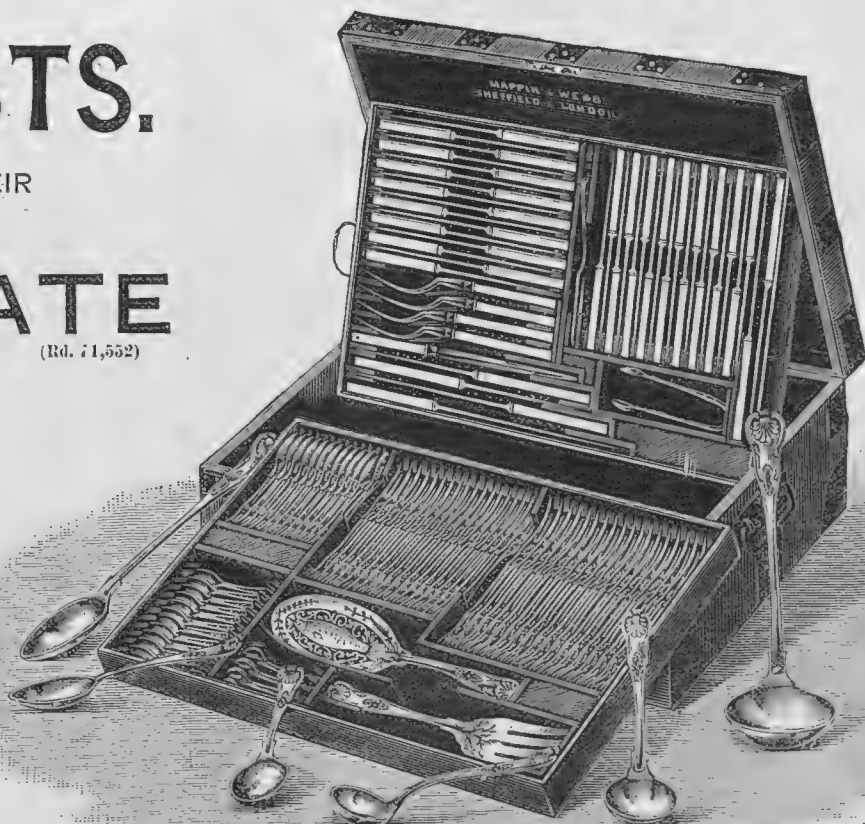
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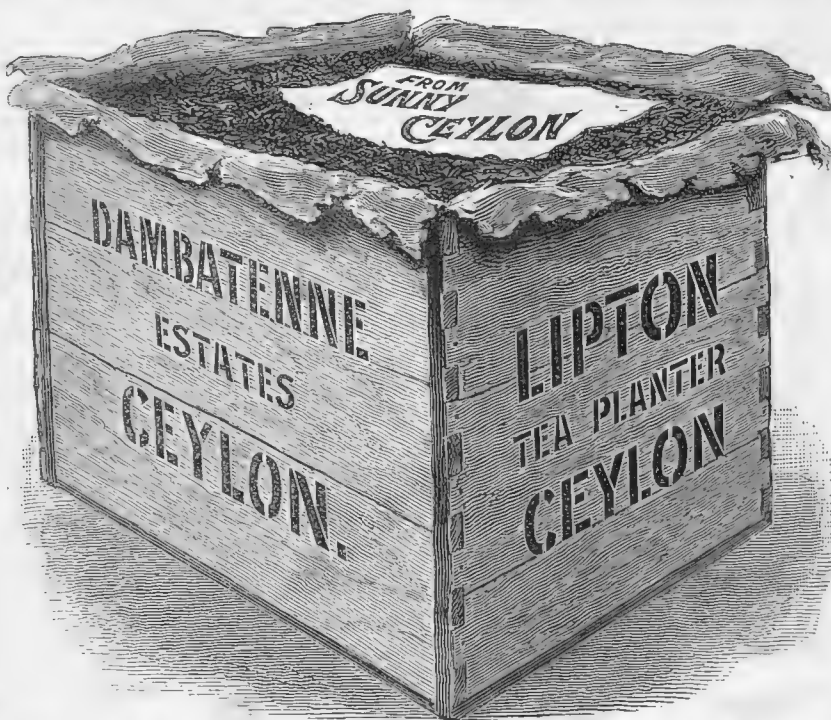
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A London School of writers is growing up, and one of the best things about them is that their points of view are healthily different. There are pessimists, meliorists, and optimists among them. Their common ground, apparently, is an interest in Cockney character. London, to Dickens, was a picturesque background. Most of his Londoners might have been transplanted elsewhere without feeling from home. The newer school are intent on catching the accent of mind and speech exactly. Mr. Morrison, by his "Tales of Mean Streets," Mr. Zangwill, by his sketches of Jewish London, Mr. Nevinson, by his "Neighbours of Ours," are of the band. There may be many others I do not know. A new one has just appeared, the latest contributor to the "Pioneer Series," Mr. Edwin W. Pugh, author of "A Street in Suburbia" (Heinemann).

Perhaps, a caution should be given to those who open this book. In the inside they will find a dedication to Madame Sarah Grand. This dedication should neither allure nor scare away, for, however warm an admirer Mr. Pugh may be of the writer of "The Heavenly Twins," his admiration does not take the form of imitation, and he has nothing to say on Madame Sarah Grand's special topic. "A Street in Suburbia" is not a novel. Like Mr. Nevinson's book, it is a series of character-sketches and studies of incidents. There is a common background and a common acquaintanceship among the personages. In one point it has an advantage over "Neighbours of Ours." It is not written in dialect, by one on a level with the rest of the actors—always a difficult plan, suggesting improbabilities. The writer is a vaguely defined person of education, whose youthful intimacy with the neighbourhood and its inhabitants has been too close to permit of his description being condescending or superficial.

There is little of the tragic grimness of Mr. Morrison's book, and not much of the harshness. But the Street in Suburbia is not seen through rose-coloured spectacles; and by humour and pathos of a healthy kind, and not a little literary skill, Mr. Pugh has given some very vivid pictures of poor London life. There is one scene—in the chapter called "A Small Talk Exchange," describing the desperate venture of a child with a farthing at its disposal into a sweet lottery—which, in its way, for shrewdness and veracity it would be hard to beat. And there are other scenes and stories, too, with the breath of life in them. "A Street in Suburbia" is the best of the "Pioneer Series," not forgetting "George Mandeville's Husband."

Of the literary novel—I mean the novel which takes literature and the making of literature as its stuff—it would be hard to find a queerer specimen than "Olympia's Journal" (Bell). Let me not speak disrespectfully of it: it is a book of talent, and its eccentricities converge to a right conclusion. But W. S. Holnut, the writer, though evidently a very cultivated person, has not skill over his, or, I think, her material. The situation is improbable—no disadvantage, of course, under some circumstances. A young lady of beauty, wealth, and talents, determines to devote herself to literature—to fiction. She is given much advice by literary friends—to keep a full journal, for instance, to study her neighbours and acquaintances: to cultivate self-consciousness, in fact, as hard as ever as she can. Meanwhile an eccentric and half-civilised millionaire proposes to her, and, looking on him as good "copy," she accepts. The best part of her newly-married days is spent in jotting down his speeches, actions, weaknesses, faults, vulgarities, with her commentaries thereon, and with the intent to publish the result. In the end, but only when he is dying, she does come to see that she has behaved like a cad. Three years after she began the diary, she publishes it as a warning to others, and a punishment to herself.

The only effective way of treating such a situation, and such a character as Olympia, would have been by satire. Perhaps she is meant to satirise herself—I doubt it. Olympia's journal-entries on the literary art were very dear to her—I suspect even dear to W. S. Holnut; and so far, therefore, as the plan of the book is concerned, there is a muddle. But a better revelation of the very common condition of mind among educated persons determined to manufacture literature it would be hard to find.

Sometimes a spirit of fun has taken lodging in the writer's brain, and she guides Olympia to write really amusing solemnities like these—

Feb. 14th.—Got up very early and wrote six pages in my commonplace book—criticism on my own state of mind, and on the peculiar sensation of coming away from yesterday's afternoon-party in a bad temper. Filled up the rest with a minute description of Jacky, his mental characteristics, and his probable ideals; compared his devotion to me with his mistrust for Mimi, the stable cat.

But such passages are rare, and I fear this solemn satire will not be taken by serious-minded young persons as a satire at all, but rather as a manual of culture.

The West Indies are beginning to give their contribution to fiction. The islands lately formed the picturesque background of an excellent number of the "Pseudonym Library," and now a very readable collection of West Indian stories, under the title of "Children of Men," by Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge, has been published by Messrs. Osgood. The stories deal with white and coloured folks, with the stationary population, and with occasional visitors, the latter as seen from a critical and somewhat satirical standpoint.

o. o.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The gentlemen riders are tumbling over one another to get mounts in the Grand National, so we can safely predict that the amateur element will be strong in the race. I think it is hard lines on the professionals who have their living to get by riding. Harry Burke, it will be remembered, had been selected to ride Father O'Flynn the year the horse won, but he was called upon to give up the mount to Captain Owen at the last moment. This was indeed hard on Burke.

Everybody who goes racing knows "Ned" Payne, and everybody likes him. One cause of his popularity is an unswerving devotion to the Cannons, father or sons, over whose welfare he watches like a guardian angel. It must have been a good many years ago that Tom Cannon, the Master of Danebury, induced "Ned" Payne to travel with him, and the subject of our sketch has been schoolmaster to all the young members of the family since. When Tom Cannon, jun., commenced to ride, he was put under the care of "Ned"—no one, with the sole exception of his mother, has been known to call him "Edward"—so also was Mornington, the leading jockey in 1894. And one of the little idiosyncrasies of their guide, philosopher, and friend was to make them ride third-class, just to curb any tendency towards snobbishness, and to let them see what the lower class of racegoers was like. Tom Cannon has turned out from Danebury such jockeys as J. Watts, Sam Loates, and Robinson, and each of these well-known riders has come under "Ned" Payne's somewhat drastic treatment.

When Sam Loates was engaged to ride Biserta in the Chester Cup in 1883, the terms of agreement were that he should go to scale at 3 lb. overweight, but "Ned" Payne took him to Chester and walked him off his legs, determined that he should get down to the weight if possible. This endeavour almost ruined his chance, for on the morning of the race the youngster was given such an amount of exercise that he fainted by the roadway, and had to be conveyed back to Chester in a cab. However, he went to scale at 1 lb. overweight. As he won the Chester Cup by a neck only, it may be taken for granted that the two pounds which severe pedestrianism took off the young jockey accounted for his success. "Ned" Payne's latest pupil is Kempton Cannon, the youngest member of the Cannon family now riding in public, and one who distinguished himself in various races in 1894, particularly upon Crotanstown at Manchester. His son, Edward Payne, is an apprentice at Danebury, he, too, being an exceedingly promising light-weight, who gained golden opinions from all and sundry who had not laid odds on Dead Level for the Wigston Selling Plate at Leicester, which race he won with Chelsea Duchess, the favourite being second. "Ned Payne" has a nice little place in the north-west of London, appropriately named "Mornington House."

Sporting reporters were heartily sick and tired of doing nothing during the recent spell of frost, and it will sound very funny to the uninitiated to hear that many of the sporting quill-drivers were actually made ill through so much enforced idleness. Men who are accustomed to travel the country over without a break the year through find it monotonous to be compelled to sit at home and do nothing for six weeks at a stretch.

Will any of the horses running at Lincoln be really fit? I think the fine-legged, delicate two-year-olds will be equal to showing good form, as they do not require what we term a severe preparation; but the gross, heavy-legged horses cannot by any chance be trusted to show their best form in the opening weeks of the season.

Race-cards are seemingly a great source of profit to many race-meetings, but I still think they should be given to the public free, as advertisements would, if taken, pay for the cost of production. Mr. Dorling prints advertisements on the backs of the Epsom and Brighton cards, which are, notwithstanding, sold at sixpence each. I am told that a firm has just obtained the contract for selling cards at one of the home-meetings, at a price which exceeds by three hundred pounds per annum that given for the contract that has just expired.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.
MR. "NED" PAYNE.

FOOTBALL IN EGYPT.



KHEDIVIEH SCHOOL V. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Young Egypt is eagerly following in the steps of Young England in its enthusiasm for athletics of every kind. Football has been eagerly taken up. It was started at the Khedivieh Secondary School, Cairo, in 1891, by four Englishmen, Messrs. Peacock, Redfern, Stephens, and Swift. The native boys showed great aptitude, becoming adepts at passing, and in the science of the game easily vanquished all their rivals. Since 1891 the Khedivieh team has played nineteen matches, won fourteen, drawn four, and lost one. This season all its matches ended in draws. The military cadets from the college at Abbasyieh are by far the most powerful native team in Egypt, and this year have twice drawn with the Khedivieh School and twice beaten the Agricultural College. They are fortunate in that the most brilliant of the Khedivieh School footballers join their ranks every year as cadets in military training for after-service as officers in the Egyptian Army. The team belonging to the Agricultural College, Geezeh, has not been so successful this year as last, when it won nearly all its fixtures. It has, however, drawn twice with the Khedivieh team, which also drew twice with the military cadets. The Agricultural College have the largest list of fixtures.



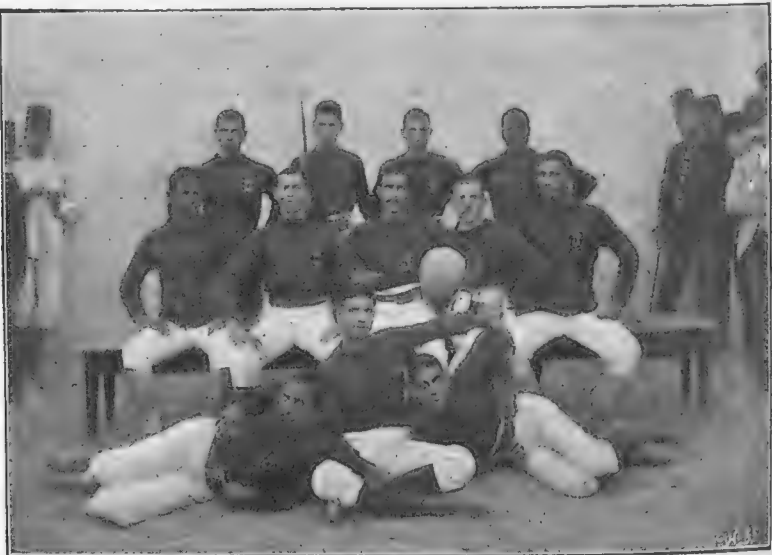
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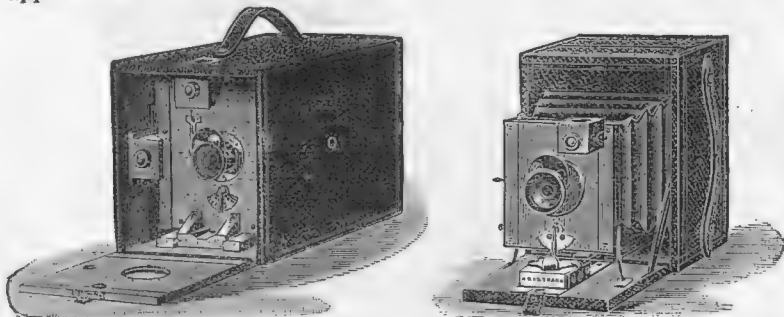


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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The House of Commons is getting duller and duller. I always thought that it was bound to reach a sad degree of slowness when Mr. Gladstone left it, but it seems to me to get worse and worse. The old picturesqueness is gone; the new businesslike quality, which is so conspicuous in bodies like the London County Council, is absent. The House of Commons is an idle House, and, I am bound to say, a stupid House. Even its leading figures, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Balfour, are not interesting. Sir William Harcourt is prosy; Mr. Asquith, with all his ability, is hardly inspiring; and as for the Tory rank and file, it is, always excepting Mr. Bowles, mediocrity itself. Mr. Hanbury, though clever, is dull; Mr. Bartley is embodied dullness; Mr. Harry Foster is noisy and dull; Lord Cranborne is duller than one could conceive the son of his father to be. In fact, the whole knot of Tory obstructionists, who are beginning to show their tactics over Supply and will be in full cry over Welsh Disestablishment, can no more claim to be the legitimate successors of the old Fourth Party than Mr. Shaw Lefevre can claim to represent Mr. Gladstone.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

However, if we have been dull, we have not been altogether unimportant. The Irish Land Bill has been a great success. I confess it was an effort to me to follow Mr. Morley's long and complicated introductory speech, which seemed to me to want something of the colour and breadth of view which Mr. Gladstone would have imparted to such a subject. The Bill itself, however, is so good that even in its introduction it has captured the entire vote of the Ulster members, Nationalist and Unionist, and has ranged in its favour the whole body of tenant opinion in Ireland. Its passage is, I think, beyond dispute, and the House of Lords will have a very hard task indeed to construct a plausible case for its destruction, or even its serious mutilation. Certain it is that the Bill will not be obstructed in the Commons, as Welsh Disestablishment is sure to be, and I do not think it will be materially altered. Its object is to create a clear and flawless presumption in favour of the tenant in the matter of his improvements—a presumption which the lawyers and landlords have somehow managed to qualify if not to destroy. The fact that the tenant and not the landlord improves is the root-fact of Irish land-tenure, and, basing himself upon it, Mr. Morley has his feet upon a rock.

TWO SICK STATESMEN.

Meanwhile, both Houses of Parliament—so far as the Lords can be said to be a House of Parliament at all, for at this time of the year you see and hear nothing of it—have been going on in the absence of the leader, in one case, of the Tory, and, in the other, of the Liberal Party. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour have been laid low by influenza. They are two very different patients, Mr. Balfour being lean and wiry, and Lord Rosebery stout, and, perhaps, a little out of condition. Mr. Balfour has rallied rapidly, Lord Rosebery very slowly. Indeed, I hear that Sir William Broadbent's opinion of the latter was that he had never seen a patient brought so low by this strange and debilitating disease. Probably the trials and worries of the last twelve months, and the fact that the Prime Minister is a man of exceptionally sensitive temper, had a good deal to do with the seriousness of the attack. Lord Rosebery is not precisely a man who keeps himself in good physical form. He rides a little, but not well; he does not golf or play cricket, or row or hunt. Moreover, he has had a very difficult time of it since he has been Prime Minister, and the nervous strain has been something out of all proportion to all previous experience of a singularly fortunate and easy life.

LABOUR BILLS, GOOD AND BAD.

It is rather a pity that this Government does not do things a little more thoroughly. Mr. Asquith, for instance, has just distinguished himself by a splendid Factory Bill—perhaps the best that has ever been proposed. But, then, the Home Secretary brings in by its side a wretchedly weak Truck Act, which permits contracting out quite in the form of Lord Dudley's amendment to Employers' Liability. It is quite impossible for Liberal members to accept such a measure, and it seems to me that it must either be deprived of its contracting-out sections or it must go to the wall. As for the Conciliation Bill, it is a small measure enough; but there, perhaps, the Government were right in abstaining from ambitious schemes. The truth is that no one, neither master nor man, wants arbitration with even a suggestion of force behind it. There is no harm in bringing the parties together, and putting forward the State as a conciliatory agent; but to go further than this would be shipwreck to any Bill, and possibly to any Minister.

The disturbing effect with which a last will and testament is usually accented has been proved in its exception by the case of the late Jay Gould. In the arrangement of so many millions sterling, one could doubtless find sufficient excuse for fraternal amenities, particularly as the portion of each legatee depends on the goodwill of those remaining. No exercise of fraternal authority has occurred to spoil Miss Anna Gould's choice, however, and the family have confirmed her fortune of three million pounds—not dollars—in receiving Comte de Castellane with cordial approval. It is said the Comte is besieged with begging-letters since his promotion, and that he can hardly venture abroad in open day without a crowd of motley petitioners at his heels. The pair will be seen in London before settling in Paris.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Carson was deputed to take Mr. Balfour's place last week as leader of the Opposition criticism upon Mr. Morley's new Irish Land Bill. It was, no doubt, in consequence of the smart way in which this rising lawyer and politician exposed the real character of the so-called Evicted Tenants Bill last summer that Mr. Balfour specially deputed Mr. Carson to take his place this time. It was not until Mr. Carson went through the Evicted Tenants Bill point by point that it was realised that what Mr. Morley had described as a simple piece of remedial legislation was really a sweeping new Land Bill, opening up again the whole question of the Irish Land Acts. There was no one more fitted to tackle Mr. Morley, now that, at last, he has taken up that question avowedly and openly. I do not at present know of anyone on the Conservative benches so likely to make his way to the foremost front as Mr. Carson. He is the one man who can be compared with Mr. Asquith, and he may well attain on the Conservative side to the position which Mr. Asquith has made for himself so quickly among the Radicals. Both men are as clever as can be; both are rather hard, and a little unsympathetic. Both are excellent speakers, and both are still young and ambitious.

MR. MORLEY'S ANXIETY.

Mr. Morley's two-hour speech, introducing his Land Bill, was terribly dreary work to listen to. Mr. Morley is not a good Parliamentary speaker, at any time; and, with a complicated Bill to deal with, he is simply boring, blundering, and bald. His speech was, however, not unamusing afterwards, to anyone who considered what an effort the poor man was making to avoid saying a single word which might cause anything like persistent opposition. There was an almost ludicrous passage, in which he just saved himself from "going for" the House of Lords. He just managed to restrain himself, and stopped short of putting the Opposition backs up. The consequence was that, after a few cautious speeches, the first reading was obtained. The fact is, of course, that as long as the Ulster Unionists back up the Bill and the Irish landlords acquiesce in it, the Conservative party, as a whole, are not opposed to a revision and partial alteration of the Act of 1881, which expires this year.

MR. MORLEY'S BLUNDERS.

But the first reading would not have been obtained so easily if Mr. Morley, in his anxiety to say nothing offensive, had not made a gross misstatement concerning one portion of the Bill, a correction of which he gave a day or two after. He had stated that the voluntary Clause 13 of the Act of 1891 would be incorporated, with some necessary modifications, in order to settle the Evicted Tenants question. This voluntary method, it will be remembered, is precisely what the Unionists pressed for and the Government scornfully rejected in the summer; and I need hardly say that the Government, in climbing down now and accepting the voluntary principle, have once more justified the House of Lords completely in rejecting the compulsory Bill of last year. But, in explaining the "modification" he proposed to introduce, Mr. Morley said that the landlords might either refuse to enter into an agreement for sale under the Purchase Acts to their evicted tenants at all, or else, after the Land Commission had named a price, might, if it was unsatisfactory, break it all off. This left the whole affair in a voluntary position between landlord and tenant, and carried out the spirit of Clause 13, with the sole addition that the Land Commission might bring the parties together. But Mr. Morley has since explained that this was a mistake, and that, when once the landlord had agreed to go before the Commission, he must assent to anything it might decide, and must take any price it fixed. This is something totally distinct from Clause 13, and the Unionists, who were ready to support Mr. Morley on this point, were entirely misled by what he said on the first reading. The mistake—which, indeed, is only one of several—must have been due to Mr. Morley's over-anxiety for his Bill, which, as a statesman, he thinks necessary for the good of Ireland. But the worst about Mr. Morley as a politician is that, while he has honest views of his own about politics, he has a thorough contempt for Parliament. He does not know how to recommend his views to the ordinary House of Commons man, and he is led into the most monstrous blunders, both as a tactician and as a speaker, in the endeavour to adapt himself to a thoroughly uncongenial atmosphere.

THE ABSENT ONE.

The debate about Jabez Balfour was fought out on Thursday to the bitter end, and, after much tackling of Sir Edward Grey, it now appears that the only obstacle to the return of the fugitive is purely farcical. The collusive charge brought by a private prosecutor on account of some mysterious brewery contract has been withdrawn, and now the only charge against Jabez is that he has taken a false name! Mr. Bowles amused the House by saying, what is not improbably correct, that by some judicious bribery we might have had the fugitive back long ago. The debate was remarkable, however, for the very strong line taken by Mr. Chamberlain, who is evidently not blind to the fact that the Government stands to incur a good deal of unpopularity among all who are interested in that wretched Liberator affair.

BEGIN AT HOME.

MRS. SUFFRAGE: "It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time."

MR. SUFFRAGE (*mildly*): "Then, you'd better spank those twins and put them to bed before they yell the roof off."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

There are several very pretty gowns in "Gentleman Joe," though they do not fall to the lot of the servant heroine "Emma," otherwise Miss Kitty Loftus, who has to content herself, first, with a trim black gown, worn over voluminous and most unservant-like under-skirts of palest leaf-green silk, and then—when she has betaken herself to Margate sands, where the niggers do congregate—with a white muslin frock, demurely trimmed with black velvet bows, collar and waistband, her white-lace hat being modestly ornamented to match. But this enforced simplicity is made up for, in the first place, by Miss Aida Jenoure, who looks at her best, in Act I., in a very smart gown, into which a variety of fabrics are introduced with excellent effect. To begin with, there is the orthodox full plain skirt, which is of white glacé, striped with black satin. Then there comes a bodice of black satin, covered with closely fitting folds of

cabochons, and bordered with a flounce of white lace, caught up with turquoise-blue satin bows, while the coat-bodice is of white chiné silk, patterned with sprays of pink roses, and having revers edged with lace and silver passementerie. There is a full vest of white chiffon, caught across with bands of blue-satin ribbon, and finished with a cravat-bow of pink chiffon; and this somewhat startling gown is crowned by a big hat, of black straw as to the brim, and blue velvet embroidered with gold as to the crown, the trimming consisting of black ostrich-tips and shaded forget-me-nots. The American's second dress is fashioned of a very lovely material—white chiné silk, brocaded with bouquets of pale-pink roses, and striped with pale-blue satin. The skirt opens at the left side over a petticoat of ruby-red velvet, down which pass two lines of passementerie, the same trimming appearing on the lace zouaves of the bodice, which has a full vest of white tulle, and a sash of pale-blue satin ribbon, one end being drawn high up to the right side of the corsage, where it is tied in a smart bow. The sleeves,



net, encrusted with shimmering sequins in jet and metallic greens and blues, and having a collar of dark petunia velvet. The elbow-sleeves are entirely composed of billowy puffings of white chiffon, and from the left side of the waist floats a long-ended bow of petunia velvet, while from the right dangles a silver chatelaine. To complete the costume, there is a velvet toque, with two outstanding white wings in front, separated by a cluster of red roses and two high black ostrich-tips, more roses resting on the hair at the back. It is a merciful dispensation which allows still to pass unchallenged this fashion for oddments—if I may so call it—which has now been flourishing for some time, and which brings joy into managing souls. Long may it continue to do so!

In Miss Jenoure's second dress, however, bodice and skirt are wedded together most amicably, being both fashioned of the same fabric, a faint tea-rose yellow crêpon, patterned with white. The trimming is concentrated on the bodice, which has a vest, a quaintly shaped collar, and revers of yellow velvet, bordered with lines of opalescent passementerie. A bunch of pale pinkish-mauve lilac is tucked into the velvet waistband, and another bunch bedecks Miss Jenoure's brown-straw hat, which has a much bent-about brim, and is further adorned with a large bow of yellow velvet.

So much for Miss Jenoure; and now, as "Lalage Potts's" name—thanks to the chorus of her song!—is pretty well known by now, you may like to add to your information about that determined young American a description of the dresses she wears. In the first, she, too, preaches the doctrine of dissimilarity between bodice and skirt, the latter being of black satin, positively bristling with closely sewn jet

which are the fullest of the full, are of the velvet, and at each side of the tulle collar is set a little bunch of red geraniums. "Lalage's" picture-hat of white crinoline straw forms the background for some white ostrich-tips and a red-velvet bow. Utterly different, and, to tell the truth, infinitely more charming in their dainty simplicity, are pretty Miss Cutler's gowns, that in Act I. being of pale fawn-coloured cloth, the bodice arranged in pinafore fashion over an under-bodice of white cloth, and brightened with touches of gold passementerie. The sleeves are of the white cloth, with fawn-coloured cape frills falling almost to the elbow; the accompanying hat being of green straw, with a green velvet bow and clusters of pale-pink roses. Next comes an equally simple and pretty gown of dove-grey crêpon, the full bodice of white chiffon held in to the figure by cleverly arranged bands of grey-satin ribbon finished with natty little rosettes. A hat with a fluted brim of white crinoline and a crown of grey straw, trimmed with a profusion of pink roses, puts the finishing stroke to the pretty picture.

The four "Misses Jones" are provided with two sets of dresses befitting the daughters of so wealthy a man as the Mr. Jones. One, which is really pretty enough to have a place in your memory for future reference, is of pale-yellow and white-striped silk, the overskirt, of forget-me-not blue accordion-pleated chiffon, forming long points at the sides, but being cut short in the front. The sleeves consist of four frills of the chiffon; the bodice, of the same fragile fabric, having a yoke and shoulder-cape of white satin, embroidered with gold, and being held in at the waist by one of those deep elastic belts covered with scale-like sequins (in gold on this occasion). Another of the Misses Jones

(Continued on page 381.)

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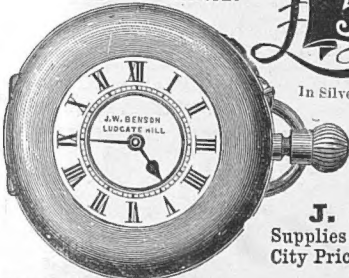
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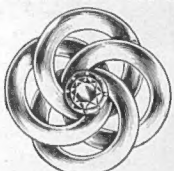
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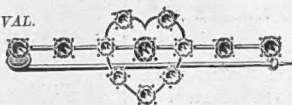
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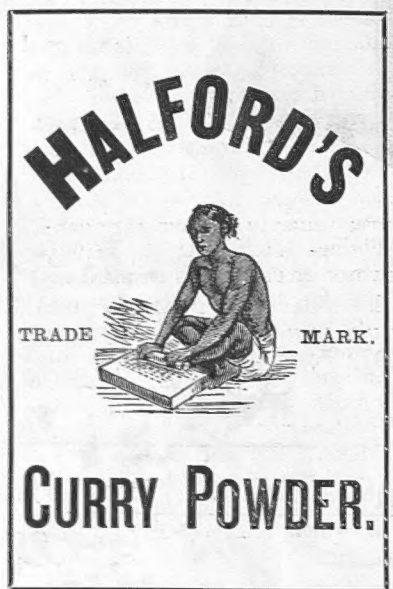
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is gowned in yellow satin, with a skirt panel of white satin, embroidered with silver, and headed by a little cluster of white ostrich-tips, the bodice being combined with yellow chiffon, while a third sister has a Princess robe of pinkish-mauve mirror moiré, the only relief to its absolute simplicity being a great collar of white satin, embroidered with pearls, and sewn with mauve silk, which is continued to the bottom of the skirt in the form of square stole-like ends. The last gown is simple—white silk, with bunches and trails of pink Banksia roses; but for Act. II. the dresses are all evidently intended to astonish the frequenters of the Margate sands. First comes one of rose-pink cloth, with a deep waistband, fastened with jet buttons, over which falls a pouch-like arrangement of black satin, the yoke being of white satin, with a black collar and bow. The second sister is glorious to behold in a yellow gown, trimmed with bands and bows of blue-satin ribbon; and a third (green) dress has collar and cuffs and pointed revers of palest-pink satin, covered with cream guipure; the last of the quartet wearing a distinctly pretty dress of dark cornflower-blue cloth, with a rosetted waistband of golden-brown velvet, and a deep-pointed collar of the same effectively contrasting material, which all goes to prove that the dressing of our up-to-date pieces is daily becoming a more serious consideration for the management, who have come to realise that smart stage-gowns are a great attraction to the feminine portion of the audience; while even the men can appreciate the general effect, though they would be hard put to it to give specific reasons for their admiration. However, the fact remains that the stages of our leading theatres nowadays often present the appearance of animated fashion-plates, so it only remains for us to duly study the same.

And now, whether it be that my own thoughts have taken a luxuriously lazy turn, on the principle of the wish being father to the thought, I cannot say; but I do know that the charms of the tea-gown have made a special appeal to me this week, so much so that, in case any of you may want an idea for one of these becoming garments, which are always associated in my mind with delightful idleness, I am presenting you with a design which may be of service to you. It can, naturally, be made in any material and any colour—that is a matter that individual purses and tastes must decide; but, if you should think of having it in the ever-useful and becoming black, may I suggest that, as it is always as well to get the best of everything when possible, you should see that it is made of Stehlis' black silk, which I brought under your notice some time since, and which is altogether desirable in every way? You can get it from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, or Jay's, Regent Street, and the prices vary from 2s. 9d. to nine shillings—plenty of room there for choice. In this case you would, of course, have a full front of chiffon, with a jet girdle, the slightly open neck outlined with jet cabochons and the silk itself bordered with a scroll embroidery in jet, the jet cabochons being used again to hold the flowing sleeves together just above the elbow. If velvet, or its modern equivalent, velveteen, is desired, there is always the famous "Louis" velveteen to fall back upon.

From tea-gowns to salt is a long jump; but, if one wants to look well in tea-gowns or in anything else, a certain amount of attention must be paid to the health, and consequently to the diet, and the latest thing for our nourishment and benefit generally is a new compound table-salt, called "Cerebos," which contains the phosphates and other constituents of bran which are so necessary for the nourishment of bone, brain, and nerve, and which are almost entirely absent in flour, as they become eliminated during the endeavours to make it white. It is a very easy way of taking nourishment, truly; and when it is realised that the Cerebos salt, beautifully fine and ready for use, is to be had in large jars for one shilling, and drums at sixpence, surely no one would hesitate for a moment to substitute it for the ordinary salt, at a cost of about a farthing a week for each person. Of course, its value for children is immense; so you should promptly ask your grocer or chemist for

"Cerebos," and, if by any chance you cannot obtain it there, write direct to the Cerebos Salt Company, Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a penny sample packet. We should indeed grow speedily healthy and wise when even our salt is intended to nourish both our body and our brain.

A CHARMING NOVELTY.

To my thinking, the ordinary everyday butter or jam would take upon themselves an altogether superior flavour if served in such daintily lovely receptacles as those illustrated, which are in the form of a shell



fashioned of Worcester china, shading from the most tender pink (or blue) to creamy white, and resting on a coral-like stand of Prince's Plate. There, the secret is out, for there is only one name connected with this same famous Prince's



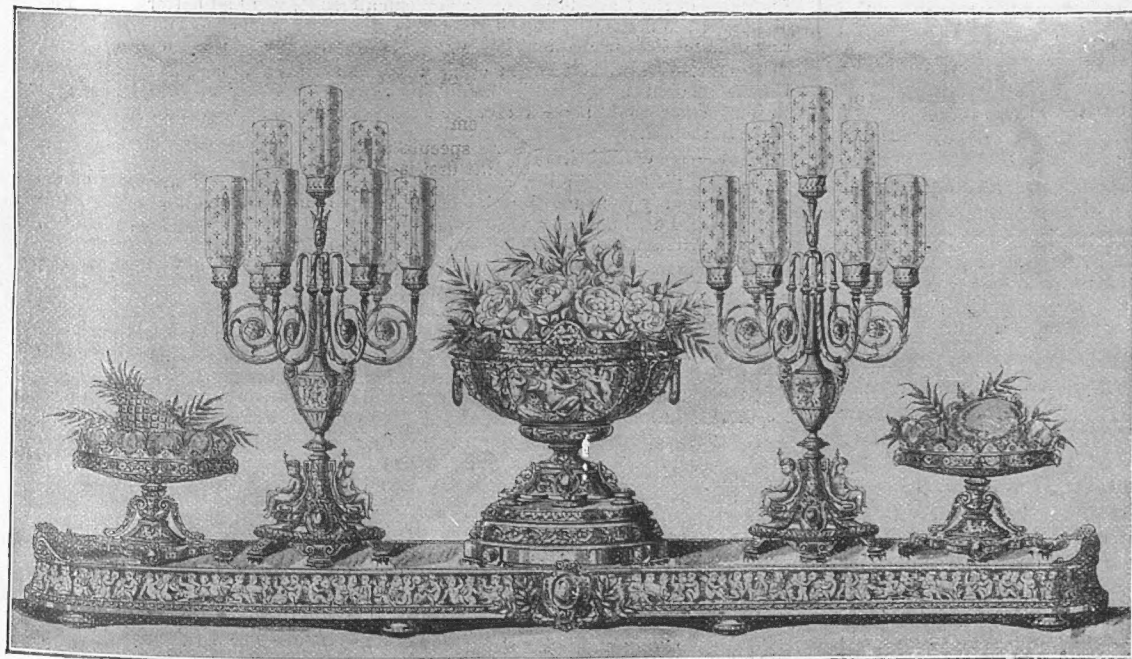
Plate, and that is the name of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., this truly charming novelty being their very latest contribution to the beautification of our tables and the delighting of those with artistic tastes. They are really most fascinating things, these shell-shaped butter- and preserve-dishes; and, withal, they are comparatively inexpensive—the single dishes being only 12s. 6d., and the double ones thirty shillings. So, as nothing could be more charming as a present, either to one's own self or to somebody else—and nowadays it is often necessary to be both giver and recipient—I advise you all to repair forthwith either to Oxford Street or Queen Victoria Street, or, if your place of residence makes this impracticable, let the post do the duty of a personal call. If you can get to either place, however, you will be amply repaid by a sight of veritable stores of treasures, including such exquisite things as an afternoon tea-set of palest eau-de-Nil Coalport china, with hand-painted medallions surrounded by scroll-designs in gold; and still another, in gilt Coalport, studded with turquoises and lined with shell-pink! There, too, if you go soon enough, you might catch a glimpse of a positively regal dressing-bag (value two hundred guineas), which has been ordered by some adoring husband as a birthday present for his thrice-fortunate wife. It is of green crocodile, lined with green velvet, and fitted with every imaginable thing for comfort, convenience, and show—all glorious, too, with mercury-gilt (which is more serviceable than silver-gilt), most elaborately chased. But those who are not possessed of such a truly ideal husband need not despair, for at as low a price as five guineas there are black or tan morocco dressing-bags, with ivory and real silver fittings, altogether the most wonderful value for the money which I have ever seen. One word more—do you number among your masculine relatives or friends anyone devoted to the delights of polo? If so, present him, on the next suitable occasion, with Messrs. Mappin and Webb's latest pencil, which is a perfectly executed reproduction of a polo-mallet.

FLORENCE.

AN INDIAN NOBLEMAN.

To commemorate several races won by him, the Maharaja of Kuch Behar is having a solid silver dessert-service, in eighteen pieces, made by Messrs. Elkington at a cost of over three thousand pounds. Born in 1862, and succeeding his father in 1863, he belongs to a family which has held uninterrupted sway for nearly four hundred years over a territory that covers some 1300 square miles. He received part of his education in England, and in 1877 he was presented with a medal and sword at the

Imperial Assemblage at Delhi, on the occasion of the proclamation of her Majesty as Empress of India. In 1887 he visited England with the Maharani—the eldest daughter of the famous reformer Kesub Chander Sen—and children to take part in the Queen's Jubilee, and was invested with the Insignia of Grand Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire by the Queen herself, the Maharani being invested with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. On the same occasion he received the distinguished Masonic honour of Past Grand Senior Warden of England, at the hands of the Most Worshipful the Grand Master; he was made District Grand Master of Bengal in 1890, and installed District Grand Mark Master of Bengal in 1891. As an instance of the interest taken by his Highness in native institutions, it may be mentioned that he has established the Reformed Church in the State of Kuch Behar, founded the Victoria College for Higher Education, established the India Club at Calcutta, and founded and endowed almshouses at Darjeeling.



THE MAHARAJA OF KUCH BEHAR'S SILVER DESSERT-SERVICE

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, March 9, 1895.

The Bank profits are a little better than general expectation had put them at, and enough has been earned to pay 4½ per cent., which, although not a grand distribution, is more than the proprietors received last half-year. If rumour is to be believed, India proposes to come again to this market for a 3 per cent. sterling loan, and the Colonies will, no doubt, soon be asking for money in some shape or form.

Throughout the week business on the Stock Exchange has been on a small scale, and even in the Kaffir Circus we have heard of no very large deals; but there has been a further heavy break in Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk stocks, caused, in the first case, by rumours that the reserve is a myth, and, in the second, principally by the fear that Mr. Baker's report upon the financial position of the company is going to be of a nature to make even the most pessimistic open his eyes. If half the stories which have been going the rounds as to the contents of this document are true, even you will admit, dear Sir, when you read it, that our worst fears are more than confirmed. It often happens that the effect of reports is over-discounted before they reach the shareholders; but in this case we have our doubts, and you will, at least, do us the justice to admit that we have for years advised you and your friends, almost with painful iteration, "to clear out." It looks as if the days of Sir Henry Tyler's rule were nearly over, but probably the revolution will come too late to save the position.

In our issue of Feb. 27, we made some strong remarks as to the liquidation of the South American and Mexican Company, and we said it was becoming a scandal. These remarks have led to misconception, and we propose to explain, briefly, what we meant. We know that the Official Receiver, who has charge of this company, would not intentionally do an unfair or unkind thing; but we think, if ever there were a case in which the innocent shareholders should be treated tenderly, and the directors (who are responsible for the mismanagement) with severity—in the matter of calls—this is one. It may be, all should be treated alike, but we do not think so. The arrangement to which we called attention will, perhaps, some day bring in a few pounds to the estate, but the making of an example is, in our humble opinion, of far more importance than a few pounds spread over many years. All these things are, however, insignificant compared with the position taken up by the Bank of England, which is insisting on £400,000 being collected from a couple of thousand miserable shareholders to pay a debt which was not contracted for their advantage, and which cannot now be disputed because of a consent judgment, agreed to, so that dirty linen might not be washed in public. The Bank had a bad debt, of vast size; the directors of the South American Company entered into an agreement, the meaning of which has never been decided by a proper trial, as to this debt to oblige the Municipality (some of whom were on the Board); the company got nothing, the shareholders did not know of it, and now the Bank is compelling the liquidator to exact a pound of flesh from poor widows, clergymen, and suchlike people, to repay the money which Mr. Lidderdale had foolishly lent to somebody else. Even a common money-lender would hesitate about being harsh in such a case; and the Bank of England ought to know that a higher standard of financial equity is expected of it than of a mere private-lending concern. Do you wonder we said the question ought to be raised in the House of Commons? There are other questions of great importance in this liquidation, but we have not space to refer to them now.

Neither the traffic returns nor the Board of Trade returns have helped Home Rails, which have been dull, without, except in the case of North British, any serious change. The difficulty of obtaining investments of a solid character which will yield any reasonable return is the main reason for the continued support this market receives from the small investor; nor, as far as we can see, is this support likely to be withdrawn.

The report of the Prudential Assurance Company for last year shows that 61,744 policies were issued, assuring the sum of £6,282,120, and producing a new annual premium income of £339,957. The premiums received during the year were £2,077,956, being an increase of £223,586 over the year 1893. The claims of the year amounted to £518,131. In the industrial branch the premiums received during the year were £4,244,224, being an increase of £272,360. The claims of the year amounted to £1,548,377. The assets of the company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, are £21,213,805, being an increase of £2,674,940 over those of 1893.

The Consular report upon the position and prospects of the Argentine Republic has generally been considered unfavourable; and the unsatisfactory price of produce, to which we have several times drawn your attention, dear Sir, causes some anxiety among the holders of River Plate stocks, which has been shown by a considerable public selling, extending to the Railways no less than the Government bonds. Mexicans have lost ground on the weakness of silver; and Brazilians, never a favourite stock of ours, on the continuance of political disturbances, which seem to be chronic in that unfortunate country. On the other hand, Chilean, which we recommended, dear Sir, a few weeks ago, have improved, and the resumption of specie payments in June next has still further improved the exchange. The large finance houses are, and are likely to continue, supporting International stocks, for Messrs. Rothschild have in hand the conversion of the Russian Nicolai Four per Cent. Bonds into a 3½ stock, and the Turkish Alcohol Monopoly issue will soon be upon the market.

Wentworths have been on the up grade, and the ordinary shares have now only five shillings in the way of dividends on the priority between them and some part of the profits which the concern is making. The record of Mills Day Dawn United continues to justify all we ever said about it, for the sum of over £100,000 has been distributed in the last twelve months by way of dividend, and the mine looks better to-day than at any former period of its existence. You will do well to hold on to your shares, and, if you have spare cash and a taste for that sort of investment, to buy some more.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE SYDNEY HARBOUR COLLIERIES, LIMITED, is trying to secure applicants for 34,000 preference shares, of £10 each, but we do not suppose anybody has been foolish enough to sink his money in such a venture. We have hardly yet forgotten the unfortunate Greta Collieries, and some of the names here seem to bring back that prospectus to our mind's eye. Our old friend Professor Benton is billed in large letters; we wonder whether Messrs. Harpourt Brothers are really pulling the strings? If any unfortunate reader has been rash enough to send in an application-form, let him sell his allotment to the first person he or his broker can find to buy.

BARBADOS 3½ INSCRIBED STOCK.—The Crown agents for the Colonies are offering £375,000 of this stock for tender at a minimum of 99. The islands are a Crown Colony, practically have no public debt, and during the last ten years the revenue shows a substantial margin over expenditure. The stock is a really good investment at about par, and we would far rather hold it than the stock of many of our self-governing colonies.

THE CHELSEA ELECTRICITY SUPPLY COMPANY invites subscriptions for £60,000 4½ debenture stock at 103, and the issue is a sound investment, returning a fair rate of interest, which the investor would be lucky to secure.

VAN DEN BERGH'S MARGARINE COMPANY, LIMITED.—To make one's money out of margarine may be an unsavoury way of living; but, if the figures in this prospectus are correct, it is clear that the business is a very fine and increasing one. Seventy thousand 6 per cent. preference shares of £5 each are being offered, and, as far as we can see, the dividend is secured about as well as any industrial share we have ever heard of. Those of our readers who want an investment would do well with an allotment from this company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S.—Are you sure you have given us the proper name of the concern? If so, we know nothing to its advantage or otherwise. Make sure of the name from your share certificate, and, if you have a prospectus, send it to us.

JESSEY.—As a speculation at present prices it might be all right, but the shares are mere gambling counters. We would not advise you to touch them.

E. S.—(1) Yes; get a transfer-form, price one penny, fill it up, get the person who sells to sign it and hand you the share certificate, then get transfer stamped, and carry it to the company's office with a fee of 2s. 6d. (2 and 3) We cannot undertake to answer puzzles, but we expect, if you write to the people who offer the shares below the market price, you will find "they are sold," and that the whole thing is a mere dodge to get you into correspondence and sell you some rubbish. By quoting one or two good shares at a low price, these advertising touts often succeed in opening correspondence and finding purchasers for rubbish which they wish to sell. We know no paper such as you require. The bulk of the shares advertised and offered have no price, and hence the reason for the advertisements.

A. J. S. B.—You had better write to some insurance expert. We can only say we should insure in the Scottish Widows Fund, the Alliance, or the North British, for choice; or, if we wanted big returns and reasonable safety, with the Equitable of the United States. If you can afford it, you had better insure with profits, but so much depends on your present position and what you want in the way of immediate protection that, without full details, we cannot advise.

SARETT.—There is risk in every investment, even Consols. If Mr. Keir Hardie secured a majority, Bank stock would possibly be unsafe, while a European war would make holders of French and German Government securities shake in their shoes.

SALT.—We don't believe in them.

INEXPERIENCE.—All mines are speculations. We hear good accounts of the second company you name, but the first is a pure gamble, depending on the result of a diamond drill now at work. You had better buy Mills Day Dawn United, or some African shares which have a far more active market.

CALIFORNIA.—It is a speculation, but, if the shares were our own, we should hold on for a further rise.

SAM.—You will not get 4 or 4½ per cent. with the same safety as if your money were invested in the Corporation stock you name, but, for all practical purposes, Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. bonds at 123 or 124, or Auckland City 1930 6 per cent. bonds, at about the same price, are safe enough. You could buy Tadmuster Towers Brewery 4½ debentures, Highland Railway ordinary stock, or Imperial Continental gas stock with the £600 you are to receive this month.

H. E. B.—(1) The shares are a reasonable security, but, of course, not first-class. We do not think you run undue risk. (2) The same answer will apply to these bonds. (3) The Company is a splendid one, but the liability is, we think, unlimited, or, if not, so large as to be the same thing.

ZAC.—(1) We do not like the company, and should not have selected it as an investment, but we have no special information. (2) This concern is quite unknown on the London market. Inquire of some Liverpool broker or bank as to its standing and prospects.

BONO.—(1) We really cannot advise as to gambling in Yankee Rails. (2) The gold bonds you name are fair security, or you might buy Lehigh Valley First Mortgage.

SABA.—We see no reason for you to sell your Nitrate Rails, but, of course, they may fluctuate in price. The shares of San Jorge are among the best of the producing companies, for high interest they seem to us a fair risk. Try some Tea shares so as to spread the risk, Leebong, for instance.